

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 29, 1962 35 CENTS

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BEST
SWIMMER**

Chet Jastramski of Indiana



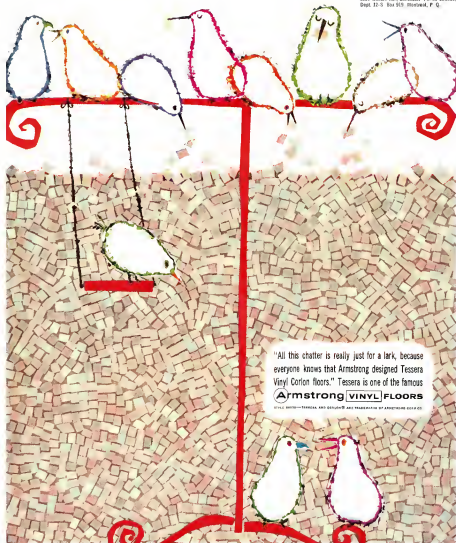
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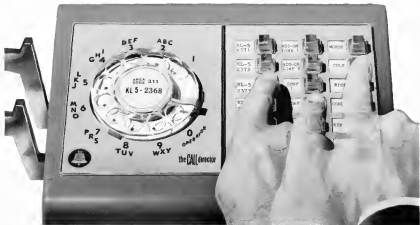
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Gilbert Rogin introduces us to Captain Tommy Gifford, deep-sea fishing guide extraordinary, angry advocate of light tackle, champion of kite fishing and a cheerful sociologist.

The hands of Wilt Chamberlain, at the end of his powerful seven-foot frame, dominate the backboards of pro basketball. Eight pages of color show how ubiquitous those hands are.

A crop of young American skiers prepares to race for the world's championship at Chamrousse, one of half a dozen glittering resorts the French have built up for ski tourists.





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Major Bonspiels through March 16

JANUARY 26-26

The Governor's Bowl and the Patron Bowl, Albany Curling Club, Albany, N.Y.

FEBRUARY 1-4

Granite State Trophy, Paterson Memorial Medal and the Merrinack Bowl, Nashua Country Club, Nashua, N.H.

FEBRUARY 2-4

The Dykes Memorial Medal and The Brookline Trophy, Albany Curling Club, Albany, N.Y.

Mixed Bonspiel, Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass.

FEBRUARY 6-11

The Cuthbertson Bonspiel, Ardisley Medal, Mahopac Medal and the New York Caledonian Medal, St. Andrew's Golf Club, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.
Mixed Bonspiel, Schenectady Country Club, Schenectady.

FEBRUARY 15-18

Winchester Bowl, John Joy Trophy and the Winchester Shield, Winchester Country Club, Winchester, Mass.

FEBRUARY 22-24

Mixed Bonspiel, Utica Curling Club, Utica, N.Y.

FEBRUARY 22-25

The Howard Stockton Cup, The Clyde Park Cup and The Primrose Bowl, The Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

MARCH 1-4

The Gordon Champion Rank Medal, The Emmet Memorial Medal and The Mohawk Trophy, Schenectady Curling Club, Schenectady.

MARCH 2-4

Mixed Bonspiel, St. Andrew's Golf Club, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

MARCH 7-10

United States Men's Curling Championship, Detroit Curling Club, Detroit.

MARCH 9-10

The Gordon International Medal (U.S. vs. Canada), Utica Curling Club, Utica, N.Y.

MARCH 16-18

Mixed Bonspiel, Norfolk Curling Club, Norfolk, Conn.

END

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YESTERDAY

Tennis in a Blizzard

When Jack Kramer made his pro debut 14 years ago, New York's worst storm threatened to keep everyone away **by DAVE ANDERSON**

From a window of the New York City Weather Bureau, Chief Meteorologist Benjamin Parry looked out at the storm that was burying Battery Park bench-deep in snow. "I never saw so much snow," Parry said. "It's coming straight down. All snow and no wind." It was early afternoon on Dec. 26, 1947. Fifteen inches of snow had fallen since 5:25 a.m. Across town, in his room at the Lexington Hotel, professional Tennis Promoter Jack Harris also looked out the window.

"The biggest tennis match in history," Harris said, "and nobody'll be able to get there to see it."

Six cross-town blocks away, the Madison Square Garden marquee read: PRO TENNIS TONIGHT, RIGGS VS. KRAMER. But the snow was strangling transportation. Streets were clogged with abandoned cars and buses. Suburban railroads were snowbound. Subways were running, but everybody, it seemed, was going home to get out of the storm that was expected to continue until midnight.

In their rooms at the Lexington, Bobby Riggs and Jack Kramer tried to relax. Riggs played solitaire; Kramer read the daily newspapers. The opener of their

tour was being ballyhooed as "the tennis match of the decade."

Tiny, fast-talking Riggs was the pro champion. He had dethroned Don Budge the year before. Now his reign was challenged by the long-legged Kramer, making his pro debut after sweeping Wimbledon and Forest Hills and successfully defending the Davis Cup. "I figure to break Jack's serve at least once each set and capitalize on the breaks," Riggs had said. Kramer was equally confident. "I'll be surprised if I lose," he had said. "I've got the harder game and better serve. If Riggs can handle my speed and still attack, he might beat me, but I don't think he can do it."

It was a perfect sports attraction, but snowbanks surrounded the box office. It was too late to postpone the match, however, and as the snow drifted in the late-afternoon wind, Garden officials were wondering how to placate people who had purchased tickets but now were stranded far from the Garden.

Riggs and Kramer were nearly stranded, too. Carrying canvas-covered rackets and satchels containing sneakers and tennis clothes, they left the hotel around 7 p.m. The streets were empty. They

continued

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Tennis in a Blizzard *continued*

waded through the snow along 49th Street until they reached the Garden.

As Riggs and Kramer disappeared into their dressing rooms, Pancho Segura and Dinky Pails were starting the preliminary match on the tautly stretched green canvas. Outside, a few parka-clad customers began to arrive. Most of them tunneled up out of the subway, but only one line, the Independent, had a stop at the Garden. Those who took the IR1 or BMT had to tramp through the snow. People coming from midtown plowed for blocks to get there. On Eighth Avenue a few clomped along on skis and snowshoes and stacked them in the Garden lobby. At the box office windows, some business-dressed suburbanites, trapped in the city, had a problem: their tickets were home.

"Call home and get the seat locations," the ticket men told them. "We've got orders to let you in, but mail us the unused tickets."

Suddenly, at 9:10 p.m., the snowfall stopped. In all, 25.8 inches had fallen, nearly five more than during the historic blizzard of 1888. Elsewhere, New York City was deserted. In nearby Times Square, policemen huddled in doorways with nobody else in sight for blocks. Theaters and restaurants were half empty. But at Madison Square Garden tennis fans stomped the snow off their goliathes and hurried to their seats.

When Riggs and Kramer were introduced, the houselights went out. From a perch in the ceiling, a spotlight picked up Kramer and then Riggs as they emerged from the Garden dressing rooms. When the houselights went on, both Riggs and Kramer looked around in disbelief at the cheering crowd of 15,114. Including advance-ticket buyers who couldn't get through the snow, the total number of tickets sold was 16,052 for a record pro tennis gate of \$55,730.50. "All I could think of," Kramer said later, "was how did they get here."

Riggs won, 6-2, 10-8, 4-6, 6-4, but as Gene Ward of the *New York Daily News* wrote that night, "the astounding fact [was] that 15,114 hot-house children of this big town of ours mushed through the snow-drifts in New York's greatest blizzard [despite] the uncertainty of ever regaining their own hearthstones before dawn. [It was] one of the few occasions in history when the intestinal fortitude of the customers out-glittered the actions of the athletes."

END

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SCORECARD

FORECAST ON SWINGERS

The American League expansion of last year was, according to Mike Higgins, who is poised prettily for his eighth season as manager of the Boston Red Sox, the sweetest "cousin" batters have had in baseball history. Next year, though, it will be different, he says, sounding just a bit like an old Dodger fan, Take warning, Roger Maris.

"Expansion was a good break for the hitters," Mike explained. "To be honest about it, there were too many pitchers up there who didn't figure to be there under the old setup. When there wasn't too much pitching talent to begin with and you spread it over two additional teams—well, there was an awful lot of mediocre pitching.

"And, you know, you can take some mediocre hitters who will never touch good pitching but they'll wear those soft touches out. They'll get four for four off that kind of pitching and when they run across a good pitcher they'll get the collar.

"I think you'll see the same thing in the other league [that would be the National League] this year." But in the American League, he went on, the hitters are due for a rougher time.

"For one thing," Mike said, "those pitchers who were starting for the first time last year—they weren't used to pitching in the big leagues. They'll have more experience. And some of the young ones who might not have been ready for the big leagues, they'll have a year's experience."

He pointed out that the Los Angeles Angels will move out of their boxoffice into the more spacious stadium of Chavez Ravine.

"Man, in that old Wrigley Field," he sighed, "you needed about 15 runs to win. Balls flew out there like birds. I think there were more hits out of there than anywhere in the league."

In other words, Higgins figures that no one in the American League will be getting as many cheap hits in 1962 as in the free-swinging season of 1961. That, he believes, should make for an interest-

ing season and he can hardly wait for it to start. Neither can we.

PRESCRIPTION FOR GREATNESS

Those amusing tales of Mickey Walker winning tough fights while champagne bubbles still snapped, crackled and popped in his head are rarely appreciated by athletic trainers, who strive to bring athletes to physical perfection with exercises, a rigid training diet and plenty of rest and sleep. But every once in a while something happens in sport that makes one wonder if something more subtly mysterious than mere physical condition is not behind the great deeds of great athletes.

For instance, there was the inspired performance that Jerry West of the Los Angeles Lakers put on against the New York Knickerbockers last week. He not only scored a record 63 points from his guard position—which made him the fifth man in National Basketball Association history to score 60 or more points in a single game—but he excelled at the other end of the court, too. He was brilliant at floor control and rebounding. "The most fantastic single game I've ever seen in basketball," said Fred Schaus, Laker coach.

West had a rather simple explanation for it all. He attributed his fine performance to fatigue. "I was so darned tired that I was completely relaxed," he said.

And then there was Dick (Night Train) Lane, long one of the National Football League's top defensive halfbacks, who kept a date for the Pro Bowl despite severe illness.

"I never slept a wink Saturday night," he said. "If it hadn't been for the game I'd just as soon have died. I've never felt so weak so long in a game."

It was his seventh Pro Bowl game and one of his best. It was, indeed, Night Train who poked off a stray pass by Y. A. Tittle and ran 52 yards to the West's first touchdown. That was Sunday afternoon, of course. Early Monday morning Dr. Daniel J. Fortmann, Rams team physician, confirmed the diagnosis

Night Train had made and kept to himself. He removed Lane's appendix.

FLESH, FISH AND FOWL

On top of that \$3 daily double at Tropical Park, Florida bettors have had no end of conversation pieces thrust on them by track owners this season. The Flagler Kennel Club contributed the world's biggest tote board, an electronic gee whiz that lists 28 combinations of odds on quinelas along with the usual win, place and show figures. And now Hialeah, queen mother of southern racing establishments, has come up with a whale-sized se aquarium, though it already has a prairie-stocked fly pond and an aviary that annoys horsemen, who complain that the birds raise such a raucous racket that their horses can't sleep.

They have races, too, occasionally.

IN VINO VERITAS

Reporters, detectives and Gallup pollsters all have their individual ways of getting information. And so has K. S. (Bud) Adams, president of the Houston Oilers, who wanted to know last week what the football coaches of the country think of their own players. Finding the coaches freely assembled in Chicago for their annual convention, Adams invited them up to his Imperial Suite in the Conrad Hilton's penthouse for a drink



or two. To make sure he got a representative selection he made the invitations good for two successive evenings. On the first night he made provision for 100 guests and 1,100 showed up. They ate \$175 worth of popcorn and peanuts alone, and when the bill for drinks was presented to him, Adams whistled like a basketball referee. The coaches had downed 5,300 drinks at 85¢ each.

To pay for their drinks the coaches filled out a questionnaire on which they were asked to name their best offensive and defensive linemen, best offensive and defensive backs and top prospects.



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FORD V-8

A PRODUCT OF  MADE IN AMERICA

Let any coach lazily neglect his duty as a guest, Adams had arranged for the questionnaires to be signed and put in a box, from which five would be drawn each night, each worth \$100 to the lucky coach.

It turned out as you might expect. One of the character builders stuffed the box with 20 questionnaires in his name.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- The American Football League has scheduled four exhibition games in Atlanta this fall as part of a plan to bring that city into the league. Seattle is also being considered as a likely spot for an AFL franchise.

- Syracuse University, a perennial football power of late, has the worst major-college basketball team in the country, possibly one of the worst in modern times. Only experienced player at the start of the season was the 11th man from last season's 4-19 team. Through last weekend Syracuse had lost 19 in a row over two seasons. In the same period Syracuse's branch college team at Utica did a little better—they lost 18 straight.

- The Dallas Texans of the American Football League will shortly announce the signing of James Saxton, the All-America halfback from the University of Texas. Saxton, who was a draft choice of the St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League, wants to stay in Texas, and while there was talk of the Cardinals trading the Saxton draft rights to the NFL's Dallas Cowboys, Cowboy Coach Tom Landry believes Saxton to be too small for pro football.

- The net proceeds of the last three Bing Crosby golf tournaments, which normally would have gone to California charities, are being held in escrow by Crosby and his advisers until they learn whether the Internal Revenue Service is going to claim \$150,000 of it in back taxes; the government's argument is based on the technicality that Crosby failed to apply for proper tax exemptions for the tournament.

PERSPECTIVE

Most college football players love the hoopla of the game—the cheers, the bowl games, the All-America lists and the testimonial dinners. Now meet an exception. He is Joe Romig, All-America guard on Colorado's Big Eight championship team, who is delighted that his four years of football are over, even

though he loved to play. What he didn't like was all that publicity, which made him out a bit of a freak and an egghead because he majored in physics instead of physics and actually maintained a fine B average.

"I'm neither a genius nor an egghead," Joe insists. "I'm just a guy of ordinary intelligence who studied hard and made good grades."

As for all those bowl games—at least 14 for the colleges alone this past season—Joe disapproves. "I don't believe in bowl games," he says. "They don't prove anything and they take so much time that the players' studies go to pieces. If they held one postseason game, the week after the season ended, to decide the national championship, that would be fine."

That head isn't egg-shaped. It's level.

DARWIN GO HOME

There is a new book out called *African Genesis* which says, in essence, that man is not the best of the animals but the worst. These days man rarely loses a moment in proving out this very thesis in his dealings with his own kind; but seldom has there been a week, like this one just past, when man has gone to such lengths to prove his inclination to the meddlesome or absurd.

Item: London Lawyer Joseph Yehuda persuaded a friend who owns a pig farm to let all the pregnant sows spend their accouchements in the same sort of mechanical hammock in which Yehuda has been sleeping for years. "A feeling of relaxation pervades my whole body and I wake up feeling fit and fine," said Yehuda in behalf of his hammock. "As the body swings to and fro all the cells are shaken gently—no exertion, no strain, no fatigue. So I feel that a sow kept swinging during her pregnancy would produce better-quality stock."

Item: In Bristol, England, Zookeeper Stan Evans was discovered, bucket in hand, crouched next to Stephanie, a two-ton black rhinoceros. What was he doing? He was milking Stephanie. Why? So her milk can be analyzed to find a substitute that can be fed to baby rhinos whose mothers are killed by poachers.

Item: A group of Russian wolf hunters in Atjubsinsk Oblast, Siberia (where else?) knocked off 300 wild wolves by teaching pet wolves to utter parental cries and mating calls. When junior or the roving husband comes home in response, *blaise!*

Item: A representative of Oxford University's Bullington Hunt Club gets a regular allotment of wolf urine from the

London zoo. The cost is seven shillings sixpence a pint, and the club has always been glad to pay, since no other scent gets half the response from the club's hound pack during drag hunts. This week the zoo, wielding its monopolistic power, raised the minimum quantity to a gallon, which costs £3. There being no other source, the club must accede. What to do with the surplus has not yet been decided.

THEY SAID IT

- Mike DeSalle, Ohio governor, explaining John F. Kennedy's presence at his birthday celebration in Columbus: "The only way I could get the President out here was to promise he could meet Jerry Lucas, and it's going to be arranged, too—just as soon as Jerry finds time to fit him into his schedule."

- An Army officer, commenting on Paul Hornung's military assignment: "We can't win; if a chef from the Waldorf-Astoria joins the Army and you don't make a cook out of him, you hear all sorts of howls. But if you let a football player play football or assign him to the athletic department, then they say you are giving him preferential treatment."

- Warren Spahn, Milwaukee pitcher, on the anxiety of a pitcher as a home run batter circles the bases: "The umpire won't give you the ball until the runner crosses home plate, probably because you might throw it at the guy, and there have been times in my career when I would have been tempted."

- Cal Kunz, Denver Broncos president: "We'll definitely get rid of those vertical-striped socks. But it really wasn't the socks that bothered me last season. It was the guys wearing them."

PIRACY IN PARADISE

Four years ago General Manager Lynn Patrick of the Boston Bruins collaborated with Leo Monahan, Boston *Record* sportswriter, on an instructional book called *Let's Play Hockey*.

Scouting the 1958 world hockey championships at Oslo, Norway, Patrick met several officials of the Russian team. One of them borrowed a copy of the book and never returned it. But last week Patrick received two copies of the book, translated into Russian.

There won't be any royalties from the Russians, of course. Too bad, though, that Patrick's hockey club, a punting sixth since the first game of the season, can't read the book in Russian. It may have gained in translation. **END**

TROUBLE AT OLD 16

Photographs by Phil Bark



The Bing Crosby National tournament in California had hardly gotten under way last week when PGA Champion Jerry Barber came to the ill-famed 16th hole at Cypress Point—and disaster. A treacherous par-3 over the ocean, the 16th has caused awful misery in past years, and it did again. Trying to play safely, Barber hit his first tee shot into the ocean. He took a penalty and promptly put his next onto the beach. With hundreds of spectators ("sadists," Mike Souchak called them) looking on, Barber picked his way carefully into dead man's gulch (above) and chopped his ball into an ice plant, halfway up a small cliff (right). Grimly, he holed out in 10 to join an honored list of golfers who have come a cropper at old 16. Doug Ford, who didn't, won the tournament in a sudden-death playoff after a snowfall, the first in 30 years, had postponed for one frigid day this stormiest of all Crosbys.



Just a little chip to the green





Caddie, bring me my ladder



I'm not dead yet, you vultures



Phew! It's been a long day

THE CUP GETS AN UNEXPECTED BOOST

A syndicate of crack New England yachtsmen has already started building a new boat to compete for the honor of defending the America's Cup next summer

by CARLETON MITCHELL

The annual dinner of the Boston Yacht Club usually is a pretty staid affair. But two weeks ago the diners—and the rest of the sailing world—were stirred by an announcement that completely changed the complexion of the world's premier yacht race, the America's Cup. In his farewell speech retiring Commodore Evan Ross Anderson revealed that he and a group of associates had begun building a new 12-meter yacht as a potential defender against the Australian challenge at Newport next September.

Until that moment the summer-long trials threatened to be a parade of three known quantities—*Columbia*, *Weatherly* and *Easterday*—all left over from the 1958 trials, with selection a sail-over for the former defender, *Columbia*. For the first time in the hundred-year history of the cup, no new vessel was being built in response to an overseas invasion, and it seemed that time had run out. Roderick Stephens had called July the "latest safe date for an order," based on the 1958 building schedule of *Columbia*.

The press of time bothers this new group not one whit, a fact that perhaps serves as an index to its character, which shows no trace of Bostonian conservatism. At 67 Ross Anderson is a dynamic individualist who has built a complex of engineering, electronics and management consultant companies. To him the unorthodox method is only another way of getting a job done. "What is conventional?" is Anderson's favorite answer to questions involving anything from manufacturing procedure to the hull of a 12-meter. And indeed in the long history of the cup there have been few more unusual approaches to the job of creating a defender.

The 12-meter project began last summer with Anderson's *Lord Jim*, a 72-

foot gaff-rigged schooner. In her, he had been content to poke lazily in and out of New England harbors until suddenly he got the urge to race the old boat—perhaps because of the presence aboard *Lord Jim* of 29-year-old John J. (Don) McNamara Jr., a small-boat racer of considerable skill and success. In an effort to make *Lord Jim* go faster, McNamara enlisted his friend and sailing companion, Ted Hood of Marblehead, who fashioned a new aluminum foremast, hanging thereon a weird collection of sails. Entered in the Marblehead-Halifax ocean race, with McNamara as guest skipper, *Lord Jim* astounded competitors by finishing first in fleet.

During the ensuing celebration Anderson is reported to have asked his crew "What do we do next?" and to have got the reply "Why not build a 12 for the America's Cup?" Anderson declines to confirm or deny this story, pointing out that quite a few champagne bottles dotted the wake after *Lord Jim* crossed the line. But he concedes a growing interest in a possible defender from that time on. "We kept hearing rumors of other boats. If someone else had definitely come forward, we probably would have dropped out. But we decided to go ahead with preliminary designs."

According to Anderson, Ted Hood of Marblehead and Ray Hunt of Tilton, N.H. were both invited to produce models, whose merits would be compared in a towing tank. Hood was ready first with two basic designs, and Hunt withdrew, later conducting his own tests with satisfactory but undisclosed results. Tank testing of the Hood hulls began in mid-October, and these tests were quite unlike anything that the experimental towing tank at Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J., had ever seen. Most designers de-

vised line blueprints, from which Stevens constructs wooden models for testing. Hood bypassed all this and showed up at Hoboken one day with finished models under his arm, wrapped in a sail bag.

After each testing session, Ted collected his data and flew back to Marblehead. Five tries later, one model was abandoned, and it was decided to concentrate on the other. Ted kept commuting back and forth. "I would take it down and test at night, fly back, work on it in the shop for a day or maybe a couple of days, even varnishing at home, then test again." Part of the reason for the night testing was that a British syndicate had reserved the tank during the day. (The British are engaged in preliminary experiments which they hope will produce a suitable boat for a challenge in 1963.)

Around Christmas the meticulous Hood was satisfied. "He telephoned and said, 'I've got a boat,'" recalls Anderson. "That was enough for me. I said, 'Fine. We'll go ahead.'" Anderson was joined in the underwriting of costs by Investment Banker Robert W. Purcell of Watertown, N.Y., a longtime friend and owner of a 34-foot cruising sloop. Graves Yacht Yard in Marblehead was told to go ahead, and Robert L. Williams, a top executive in the Anderson organization, was assigned the job of coordinator and expeditor. Already materials are flowing into the Graves plant. An important member of the organization will be Ted's father, Sedman Hood, a retired engineer who, because of his practical wizardry and grasp of obscure theories, is called The Professor. In the background in 1958 as a contributing expert for the 12-meter *Jim* during that gallant old boat's near miss at becoming the cup defender, the elder Hood will be very much a factor in



KEY MEN IN CUP SYNDICATE, Industrialist E. Ross Anderson (left), Designer Ted Hood (center) and racing enthusiast Don McNamara, go over list of equipment for new 12-meter.

Anderson's campaign this summer. These are some of the reasons for confidence in a May launching schedule.

Another reason is Frederick E. Hood himself. At 34, he possesses a range of talents without parallel in yachting.

Born in Beverly, Mass., Ted's entire life has been boats. "He was never anywhere but on the water as a kid," says his father. Ted's formal training in engineering consisted of two years at Wentworth Institute in Boston, where he studied "house construction, not boats."

In 1950, to help his own racing, he began making sails, and was so successful that he found himself in the business. Two years later, unable to buy synthetic fabric that satisfied him, he began the complicated task of processing cloth and was soon producing fabric so superior that competitors acknowledged it as a major factor in the triumphant performance of Hood sails. In 1954 he expanded into the boat repair and construction field by organizing the Little Harbor Boat Yard. The following year he designed

his first boat, a 40-foot centerboard sloop called *Robin*, which used *Finisterre* as a departure point. Since then he has designed or built four other *Robins*, all highly successful, combining speed, seaworthiness and comfort—but none has even remotely resembled in type or philosophy the ultimate in modern racing machines, a 12-meter.

Virtually every element for the yet-unnamed New England entry is being produced on a 400-yard strip of Marblehead waterfront. The basic designs and tank models were made in Hood's own shop under his direction. He was assisted by Britton Chance Jr. and Kenneth C. Smealley. Soon Dacron and nylon fabric will be processed, and in the adjoining loft will be cut and sewed into mainsails, jibs and spinnakers. In another Hood shed the aluminum mast and boom will be fabricated, running rigging made and standing rigging fitted. Of the major components, only the hull is being built off the Hood property, and that at Graves, virtually next door, and easy

for Ted to inspect at any hour. Not since the days of another great yachting talent, Nathaniel Herreshoff, designer of five cup defenders, has one man had so much to do with the production of a cup candidate.

After launching, Hood will occupy an equally important role as cospirator with McNamara. For in addition to his other extraordinary talents, Ted is a master helmsman, tactician and deck coordinator. In 1956 he won the Mallory Cup, emblematic of the North American men's sailing championship. Two years later off Newport, he was aboard *Vim* not only as sailmaker but trimmer. Since then, turning to ocean races of his own design, Hood has been victor in events from Nassau to Halifax. Only two weeks ago he took a short weekend vacation from 12-metering to slam the brand-new *Robin* across the Gulf Stream to first place in the Miami to Cat Cay race.

Ted Hood is as silent as a Yankee is supposed to be. Consequently outsiders will find out even less about his new boat than is generally divulged by builders of cup defenders. "There are enough things we have done differently that might make her good or bad," says Ted. "We presume they are going to make her better, although under the rule it is probably impossible to make any 12 that will be a superboat compared to the others."

However, with Hood's backlog of knowledge about 12-meter sails (of the 50-odd he has made since 1958, a good number are aboard *Columbia*, *Weatherly*, *Easterner* and the Australian challenger), hulls and racing techniques, his competitors can take no comfort from any hints that he has not found a breakthrough hull.

So far, only Hood and McNamara have been named to the crew, and no division of duties has yet been worked out between the two. "It probably will be a matter of who can be most useful where at the moment," says Don McNamara. "Ted and I have sailed so much together that each trusts the other to be his eyes. The man at the wheel must be free to concentrate on steering. Nobody can be a tactician and a go-fast guy at the same time."

The road to selection as defender of the America's Cup is long and hard, and no one can yet risk a prediction. But the immediate effect of Anderson's announcement is to make the next summer of 12-meter racing look very exciting after all.

END

OVERCOME BY BEAUTY AND BEATTY

by TEX MAULE

Michel Jazy, a Frenchman with an eye for the prettier wonders of southern California, lost the mile by a step as indoor track came to the Coast



BEFORE RACE WITH BEATTY, RELAXED JAZY GAZES WITH

Indoor track, that steadily growing spectator sport, brilliantly opened its western season in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena last week before a full house of 13,622 people. The meet was a fine one, much better—from the standpoint of the competition entered

than the indoor meet in Boston which preceded it by a week. This was a source of satisfaction to the backers of the Los Angeles meet and, perhaps, a source of some dismay to the promoters of eastern indoor track. Until the last few years they have had things pretty much their own way in the procurement of track and field talent.

There was an indication of great things to come in the final race of the evening in Los Angeles. It was a beautifully run mile between the best indoor miler in the U.S., Jim Beatty, and a young Frenchman named Michel Jazy (pronounced like the Zsa Zsa Gabor, plus "zee"), who may well be the best mile—indoors or out—in the rest of the world. Beatty won the race in the painfully short stretch from the corner to the tape, edging Jazy by a foot. Both runners were timed in 4:04.8, a remarkable performance for so early in the indoor season.

This was the only race Jazy had ever run on boards and the only one he will run in the U.S. on the indoor circuit. A linotype operator for *L'Equipe*, the French sports paper, he was able to leave his job only long enough for the one appearance. Significantly, he chose to run in California rather than in the East.

The Los Angeles meet is one of three scheduled for the West Coast this season. There will be another in Los Angeles and one in Portland. Add to these five indoor meets in Texas (where there were none two years ago), a very good meet in Louisville (in its second year), and another proposed for, of all places, Las Vegas, and it is evident that the old eastern monopoly of indoor track stars is in imminent danger of being broken.

Before the Los Angeles meet there was considerable speculation about the mile. Beatty, of course, is well known to track followers. He came to the race in the best early condition of his career. Both Beatty and his coach, Mihaly Igloi, felt that, given a reasonably fast first half, he could break Ron Delaney's indoor record.

Jazy, a slight, blond and handsome 25-year-old who looks like a rock-and-roll singer, had run no miles this season and, despite his second-place finish to

Herb Elliott in the Olympic 1,500 meters in Rome, was considered something of an unknown quantity. He had won three races this winter in France, but they were all in cross-country.

Jazy trains in Marly Forest, on the outskirts of Paris. When he reached Los Angeles early in the week and went to the track at the University of Southern California to work out, he watched in amazement as the USC team toolled steadily around and around. "How can they do this?" he asked. "It would kill me with boredom. It does not seem to give you firm enough training. It is very firm in the Marly Forest, where you run up and down hills."

He managed to overcome his aversion to the monotony of training on a track, however. Once he worked out at the same time as Beatty at the Los Angeles Track Club. He had intended to run a three-quarter mile against time but, when Beatty arrived, he changed his regimen. Instead, he watched his future opponent work under the instructions of Igloi and decided to train in the same way that Beatty had.

Off the track, Jazy spent much of the week wandering around Los Angeles with a French television crew, acting in



WIDE-EYED INTEREST AT SPIKE-HEELED TRACK FOLLOWERS IN L.A. ARENA

what is to be an hour-long French TV show, which might be entitled, *The Adventures of Michel Jazy in Hollywood*. When he gives up running, he may qualify as an actor. He played his role in the television show easily.

He was vastly interested in the natural wonders of Los Angeles. Once, standing in the lobby of the Sheraton-West Hotel, where he was staying, he stared thoughtfully at one of the young, pretty and bosomy girls who decorate this area almost as thickly as the palm trees. "Ssst!" Jazy whistled appreciatively. "She does not mind how much of her lungs are showing, does she?" He said this in French, fortunately. He speaks only a few words of English.

The morning of the meet, he repaired to the sports arena with the television crew to take his first look at boards. He trotted gingerly around the 11-laps-to-the-mile oval, went through his paces for the camera with assurance, then, through an interpreter, questioned an American track coach on the strategy and tactics of the indoor mile.

"Where," said he, "does one normally launch the attack?"

"Coming off the turn," he was told. "You must be very careful coming off

the turn. Accelerate. Most indoor milers sprint out of the turn if they want to take the lead."

"Where does one run?" he asked next.

"On the rail."

"And on the turns? Does one run differently?"

"Relax and lean into it," the coach said. "Move your arm across your body like this." He demonstrated, and Jazy trotted around a turn, moving his arm properly. He stopped and nodded.

"And the tactics," he said through his interpreter. "What should they be?"

"That's the easiest," the coach told him. "You stay one step behind Beatty until you're ready to attack. Then you get up and go."

Both Beatty and Jazy are very strong finishers. Neither likes very much to set a strong pace. They might have run a faster mile Saturday, but the pacer—Leroy Neal of Occidental College—failed to run the first quarter in 59 seconds as planned. Instead, his time was a rather pedestrian 61.5, with Beatty a step behind him, and Jazy, as planned, a pace farther back.

In a move unusual for him, Beatty took the lead at the beginning of the second quarter, trying to quicken the

tempo to place him within reach of the indoor-mile record. Jazy, running with a looser-jointed stride than the neat, economical one Beatty uses, moved with him. From there on, he followed the script he had been given in the morning almost as well as he had followed the TV script all week. With a lap and a half to go, he kicked very strongly, passing Beatty and, briefly, opening daylight between them.

Beatty came on again in the backstretch but Jazy held him off as they went into the last turn, stride for stride. Coming off the turn, Jazy was some two feet in front. But Beatty, who must have the strongest 30-yard kick of any miler in the world today, turned on that extra speed and won at the tape. It made an exciting, if sad, ending for the Jazy television extravaganza.

The next indoor meet in Los Angeles is February 10, when the *Los Angeles Times* has its third annual competition. Glenn Davis, the old Army All-America halfback, is the assistant promoter for the *Times*. He would not say who he has lined up but it is very likely that two of the top foreign stars in the 1960 Olympics will be on hand. It is not at all likely that they will run in the East after the *Times* races.

The entry list for last Saturday's competition included Ralph Boston (who broad-jumped 24 feet 11 inches); Wilma Rudolph Ward (who looks 15 pounds heavier than she did in the Olympics and who was upset in the 60-yard dash); Frank Budd (who won his 60-yard dash easily and looks to be even faster than he was last year when he broke the world 100-yard-dash record); Hayes Jones, the nation's best high hurdler, and a large assortment of the rest of the best trackmen in the U.S. Much of that talent lives in southern California or elsewhere on the West Coast. Last week Jumbo Jim Elliott brought his superb Villanova track team West and won most of the events he entered. Indeed, two real track powers emerged at the meet—Villanova and the new Los Angeles Track Club, coached by Mihaly Igloi. The latter is made up of distance runners. One of them, Laszlo Tabari, won the two-mile. Another, Jim Grelle, won the 1,000 by a foot over Villanova's impressive freshman, Tom Sullivan. The third was the villain in the French TV show—Jim Beatty.

END

The Hand-off makes the difference in the split-second world of indoor re- lays, where the reaching, anxious hand



is the symbol of the runners' impatience to race. But in the new season, the biggest ever in the U. S., only the strongest and most poised can hope to win. On the confined tracks, where the unnerving roar of voices is multiplied against the crowding walls, to hesitate is to lose

Photographs by Mark Kautzman







Fresh, ambitious, the next man looks back to make sure, the runner coming up barely makes the trade and a new race is on as the determined young men below take off





TEMPEST LE MANS: DUST-KICKER BUT SUMPTUOUS



Here's a dude with real authority. It's called LeMans and you can get it as a Coupe or Convertible. The gas-saving 4-cylinder engine is standard. (Horsepowers: 110, 115, 120 or 140.) There's also a special "four" with a 4-barrel carburetor*. It jumps the h.p. to 166. Or you can put in the aluminum V-8* and

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In a single season of swimming, Chet Jastremski, latest star of Indiana University's school of fleet mermen, broke every record that existed in his stroke



INDIANA'S FOUR WORLD RECORD HOLDERS, FRED SCHMIDT, CHET JASTREMSKI, TOM STOCK AND TED STOKLES, TREAD WATER

Six days a week for six months of the year, at 7 o'clock in the morning and again at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, some 25 powerfully built young men walk across the tree-studded campus of Indiana University in Bloomington on their way to a brisk workout in the lime-green water of a sleek new half-million-dollar swimming pool. Together—in a year when U.S. collegiate swimming is bursting with top talent from California to Connecticut—these 25 youths make up what is, more than likely, the best team in the history of collegiate swimming. Among them are five world-record relay swimmers, an Olympic champion and four individual world record holders, including a young man named Chester Andrew Jastremski Jr., who at this moment is beyond argument the best swimmer in the world.

Last summer, in what amounted to an orgy of competitive swimming, Chet Jastremski—who pronounces the J in his name as J, not Y—broke world records in his specialty, the breaststroke, not once but again and again, and in doing so changed the basic conception of the stroke itself.

Jastremski began his spree in Chicago by tying one record, continued it two

JAMBOREE BY JASTREMSKI

by **ARLIE W. SCHARDT**

weeks later in Evansville by breaking another, then—in 15 days in Japan—lowered those marks every single time he entered the water. Finally, during one magnificent August week in California, he broke all four listed breaststroke records once again (next page) and joined his Indiana teammates, Tom Stock, Larry Schulhof and Peter Sintz, in setting a new world record for the 400-meter medley relay. When it was all over, the world record claims of three Russians, a Red Chinese and an Australian had been torpedoed and sunk.

The 21-year-old who accomplished all this is a short, tanned, ruggedly handsome premedical student who is so husky that he can't float. He is built, in fact, much more like a wrestler than a swimmer, with broad shoulders, thick, powerfully muscled arms and a barrel chest

tapering down to a waist as slim as a dress model's. Although he has been swimming since he was 9 years old and has won more than 300 trophies, he has suffered many setbacks and frustrations. Twice in the past he was barred from Olympic competition on maddening technicalities and misunderstandings. "In the 1956 Olympic trials," he recalls, "I had the second-fastest qualifying time in the 200-meter breaststroke, but I never got to the finals. An official said I had kicked one leg six inches deeper than the other while coming out of a turn and I was disqualified." Four years later, in Detroit, Jastremski finished the 1960 trials second in the 200-meter race and fourth in the 100—which normally would have put him on the team. But the 1960 officials somehow got the impression (quite false) that only two

continued

breaststrokers were eligible from each country, so Jastremski was left behind.

Chet entered the water first when his father, an assistant foreman at the Champion Spark Plug Co. in Toledo, took him to the local Y for swimming lessons. "It took me nine months to learn," Chet grins, "because I kept cheating on my breathing. I'd turn my head but wouldn't take a breath. I always had to stop after 10 yards." One day his instructor, Tom Edwards, told him, "Swim 30 yards or else." Gasping for air, Chet swam the 30 and, at long last, was promoted from Minnow to Flying Fish. At the age of 10 he was swimming for the Toledo YMCA first team. "Chet had tremendous potential from the very start," says Edwards, now Dean of Stu-

CHET'S RECORDS IN THE BREASTSTROKE

Event	Old Record	New Record
100 meters	1:11.5 (1957)	1:07.5
110 yards	1:12.4 (1958)	1:09.6
200 meters	2:36.5 (1958)	2:29.6
220 yards	2:36.5 (1958)	2:34.1

dents at Kenyon College. "You could see he was going to be a champion. His main asset was a muscle definition far in advance of other boys that age."

As a seventh-grader, Jastremski was racing, and beating, college swimmers in all four strokes. He placed eighth in the men's national AAU competition at 13. Then Edwards left the Toledo Y for Ken-

yon, and Jastremski, whose high school had no team, was cast adrift. With neither coach nor competition to push him in practice, his early momentum faded, and national rivals edged past him. To gain speed, he even gave up his second love, playing the double bass in an eight-piece dance band at school. But he could not catch up. By the time he was ready for college in 1959, most coaches regarded him as just another burned-out swimmer. One notable exception was Indiana's 41-year-old Dr. James (Doc) Counsilman, a large, bald, deceptively passive man with an inventive and original mind (SI, Aug. 1, 1960). "Even though I saw him getting beaten," Counsilman explains, "I saw his fast movements and knew he fitted our theory of what a breaststroke man should be."

Chet accepted Indiana's offer of a scholarship partly because the university's medical school provided what he wanted for the future, but mostly because of the atmosphere that surrounded Counsilman himself. The young swimmer was surprised by "the unbelievable friendliness" of everyone connected with the coach. "Doc's house was never locked," he says. "One of the first times we were there a swimmer ran in with a bunch of fish he had speared in a quarry, gave them to Marge [Mrs. Counsilman] and was gone." Looking back now on his choice of coach and college, Chet adds, "I don't see how a swimmer could go any place else."

One way Counsilman gets his swimmers to both like and work for him is to keep their minds distracted with an endless outpouring of sly good humor. On a recent automobile trip he told one joke after another for the better part of 11 hours almost without pause. This way Doc can put his boys through workouts for which a less high-spirited impresario would likely be thrown in jail. And, not so incidentally, Indiana's swimming team has real need right now of a coach with Doc's sense of humor. The acknowledged top team in the country, it is barred from winning the national title because its big brother, the Indiana football team, is in trouble with the NCAA for doubtful recruiting practices.

At first Jastremski found Doc's instructions as difficult to master as the teacher's at the YMCA. "When I told Chet he was a breaststroker he was a bit disappointed, poor guy," chuckles Counsilman. "He was a frustrated butterfly-er." "I also had a Nakasone complex," Jastremski says, referring to his Hawaiian

continued



TURBULENT APPROACH to the once gracefully stylized breaststroke is demonstrated as young champion Jastremski sets a new world record at AAU meet in Los Angeles last summer.



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TRIP TO LAUNDROMAT AFFORDS JASTREMSKI RARE CHANCE TO SEE FIANCEE

JASTREMSKI *continued*

classmate, Ken Nakasone, whom he still considers his chief rival. "I never thought I'd beat him. He still beats me in workouts. Every time he swims one more lap than I do, I get worried." Nevertheless, Jastremski stayed with the breaststroke, losing often to Nakasone for two years. "We kept experimenting and changing," says Counsilman, "and he did pretty lousy. But he never questioned me. He's a quality boy."

The proper breaststroke, according to Counsilman's new and successful theory, is rapid acceleration achieved by short, fast arm pulls and leg kicks, rather than the wide, slow, stylized motion so long accepted. The result is that, as he chugs straight up the pool like a tugboat plowing through a choppy river, Jastremski looks violent in comparison with his more graceful rivals.

"Doc made my stroke narrower because that cuts down water resistance," says Chet. "Instead of lifting the entire body to breathe, I lift my head by using only the neck, so I can ride low in the

water rather than high. That avoids working against gravity and cuts down surface tension. Actually, you can go faster underwater than on the surface, so I start with a deep, sharply angled dive and take a long, underwater glide off each turn. I also take several more strokes per lap than most breaststrokers. Doc has me breathe every stroke instead of every other."

Jastremski now is the acknowledged world master of this complicated technique. Confident but not cocky ("I still get dentally sick before a race"), quiet but good-humored, he is a proud, intensely loyal individual who resents even a suggestion that Counsilman drives his boys pretty hard. "We enjoy workouts with Doc," he stoutly insists. Chet's loyalty is stronger still to his parents, who went into debt when Mr. Jastremski took time off from work while driving Chet to meet all over the country. To help rebuild the family finances, his mother took enough part-time courses at the University of Toledo to get a fourth-grade teaching job. "I feel my scholarship was paid many times over by the

continued

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WINDJAMMER CRUISES

JASTREMSKI continued

amount my parents spent helping me compete," says Chet.

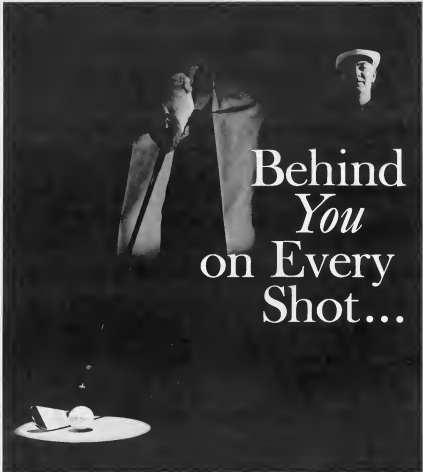
Chet's parents, however, are not the only ones who have sacrificed for his career. Because of the long, arduous hours he must spend at the pool, Chet himself has nowhere near the time he would like to have with a quiet, attractive brunette named Sandy Heisterkamp. Chet and Sandy met during the second semester of their freshman year. "I had to do some maneuvering to get a desk near hers," says Chet of the meeting in a chemistry class, "and then it took me about two months to ask her out." Now the two have been engaged for over a year, but except for classes and one brief idyllic interlude each week, they still, because of Chet's rigorous schedule, see little of one another. The idyllic interlude? It comes once a week when they go together to do their laundry at a nearby laundromat!

One more for Doc

Like his teammates, Jastremski has found that Counsleman's rigorous routines, requiring more than 500 miles of all-out swimming every year, have toughened him against all life's hardships. In contrast to the usual trackman-swimmer type, Chet never frets about little things—like food. "We don't worry about what we eat. We just eat," he said two hours before the recent Big Ten Relays in Ann Arbor, Mich. as he wolfed down a large glass of grape juice, followed by a breaded pork chop ("At least, I think it's a pork chop," he said), plus mashed potatoes, gravy, corn and cherry pie. His only concession to dietary tradition: hot tea in place of his favorite drink, milk. Nor were he and his teammates at all disturbed by the fact that they had been up most of the night, driving four cars to Ann Arbor through fog and ice. They had risen early for a big breakfast, belted through a two-hour session of sprints in the Michigan pool and were still calling for "one more, Doc!" when Counsleman sent them out for the luncheon described above.

In silent tribute not only to their enormous skill and expert coaching, but to digestive systems that must be second to none in all the world, Chet Jastremski and his teammates thereupon returned to the pool to win eight out of the next 11 races and another trophy for Indiana—a tall one this time, made of gold.

END



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PART II: IMPERILED FREEDOM OF THE OPEN ROAD

Never before have so many Americans been saying and doing so much about the problem of traffic accidents—a problem that costs 38,000 lives and millions of injuries each year. Last week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** discussed the major factors involved in this complex and sanguinary threat to the free use and enjoyment of the now-scrambled open road (*opposite*)—the highways, the cars, the imperfectly understood vagaries of the drivers themselves, the often conflicting regulations governing driving in the individual states. In this second of two parts, the chief remedies being considered or undertaken at federal, state and private research levels are examined.

THE SAFETY ENIGMA

So far, the best that law enforcement, improvements in highway and automobile design and stricter licensing standards have been able to do is to keep America approximately even in the fight against traffic fatalities. There is today a hardening conviction in many areas of government, in some influential professional bodies and in citizens' safety groups that more must be done to sharply reduce the toll. This growing sense of determination and purpose has coincided with a postwar awakening to the size and intricacy of the problem.

Perhaps most significantly, the Federal Government has enlarged its concern with traffic safety and is now on the verge of important new efforts. The Public Health Service, given a clear green light by Secretary Abraham Ribicoff of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has begun a campaign to obtain more knowledge about the driver. The man behind the wheel is usually conceded to be the most perplexing of all the puzzles involved in traffic accidents, and upon him is heaped most of the blame for them. Public Health's highest hopes of better understanding him are based on prospects for a so-called high-fidelity driving simulator, the kind of device made familiar to World War II airmen by the famous Link trainer, a blind-flying teaching aid that has now been refined to the point where it realistically simulates all phases of jet flight from takeoff to roll-out after landing.

The driving simulator will be expensive—about \$3 million to build and additional millions to operate—but Public Health's safety experts, and a variety of others in and out of Washington, believe it will be well worth its cost as a research tool. There is no doubt that they will push hard for it when the time comes to talk about money with Congress in the coming weeks.

As Assistant Surgeon General Albert L. Chapman, chief of Public Health's Accident Prevention Division, emphatically points out, the military has already spent hundreds of millions on simulation in submarines, airplanes and space ships to study stresses, refine plans and train men before launching the real thing. The same principles are now to be applied to cars, highways and, above all, drivers.

"We feel," says Dr. Chapman, "that accident prevention is centered around human factors. We don't know enough about the effects of alcohol, drugs, fatigue and disease. We don't know enough about the effects of psychological factors—about anger, worry, distress in the broadest terms. Approximately *continued*

by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

250 psychological factors have been partly identified for study. Any or several of these may nullify, in one-tenth of a second, all of a driver's experience and training. I don't know of any other situation where the odds are so thin. We need to find out how to make drivers less susceptible to the psychological trauma that occurs.

"Then there is the question of human engineering. Automobiles are built for standard people. They do not take into account the great variations in height, vision and ability to react. How can that problem be solved? We need to know more.

"Finally, there is the driving task itself. What does it demand of an individual in various situations? We must find out.

"With the simulator we could make studies in all these areas that are impossible now because of the obvious dangers and the unthinkable costs. Imagine putting a number of drivers at various stages of intoxication into actual cars, and you have an idea of the things we cannot do."

A Cornell study, says Dr. Chapman, has shown that a true high-fidelity simulator is feasible. UCLA has already begun to experiment with a less sophisticated model. By projecting filmed road scenes in front of a specially equipped stationary car, UCLA has achieved "a high degree of psychological reality." With the funds it hopes to get, Public Health wants to have UCLA adapt television principles to its simulator and surround the driver with a highway scene through a full 360°. Miniature TV cameras mounted on miniature cars in a miniature landscape would be synchronized with the driving controls of the simulator car.

Hi-fi simulation at this stage is not designed primarily to

provide remedies. Research is its main function and, ideally, knowledge gained would be used to remove the inadequacies in present licensing, education and enforcement systems, the best of which are based more on guesswork than scientific evidence. Private physicians might be asked to help utilize medical findings. For just one example, the antihistamines now used in most treatments for the omnipresent common cold can cause drowsiness (Dr. Chapman himself once dozed off at the wheel after antihistamine treatment, but woke up in time). Simulation studies may reveal precisely what kind of warning a physician should give a patient-driver under antihistamines to keep him safe on the road.

Other, cheaper hi-fi simulators are expected to follow the first. None is likely to be used as the aircraft trainers are—actually to teach drivers. After all, pilot training is given to mere hundreds; new drivers are licensed at the rate of three million a year. But it is conceivable that simpler, mass-produced offspring of the hi-fi simulator eventually will be used to teach and train. A kind of simulator is already in use in some high school driver-education classrooms. It has basic driving controls (wheel and pedals) and filmed road scenes, though it is used mainly to teach good highway practice and habits rather than test the student in a simulation of the real thing.

Besides the high-fidelity simulator, Public Health also hopes soon to have a National Accident Prevention Center in which to do its own safety research. So far, research projects have been farmed out, mostly to universities. A bill to establish the center has been introduced in the House by Representative Kenneth A. Roberts of Alabama, the most aggressive crusader for traffic safety on Capitol Hill and, as we shall see, a most controversial man. All Public Health safety activities (traffic constitutes only a part of them) would be concentrated in the center. Public Health would not discontinue outside grants, but would have for the first time its own research facilities, including, it is hoped, the simulator.

In the meantime, Public Health is pressing a "program for today." Having been largely responsible for getting most federal passenger cars equipped with seat belts, it now campaigns for their wider public use, sponsors regional workshops on deficiencies in the medical aspects of driver licensing, probes the sorry state of on-the-scene accident emergency treatment in the hope of devising—and persuading local authorities to adopt—a model system and, from time to time, brings experts together in national conferences on traffic-safety problems. Public Health has just begun a five-month accident-prevention training course at New York University. Graduates will be assigned to state and local health departments to help them improve their accident-prevention programs. This is a small first step; only 10 students are enrolled in the initial course.

Like HEW, the Department of Commerce has been getting deeper into the safety problem, partly on its own volition and partly through activities placed in its keeping by the White House and Congress. Underlining Commerce's



High-fidelity simulator would surround test drivers with realistic road scenes as scientific way of studying the man behind the wheel.



involvement, Secretary Luther Hodges recently made one of the strongest claims on record for Washington's right to act more forcefully.

"It is believed," said the Secretary, "that this useless waste of human and economic resources can be curbed only through an energetic program of national scope at the federal level."

Hodges made that assertion only a month ago, when he announced the creation of a new Office of Highway Safety in the Bureau of Public Roads, and he went on to say that the office "will be responsible for activities designed to gain public support of highway safety standards, coordinate the application of results of all public and private research in the highway safety field, and advise and promote the contribution of state, local, industry, and allied groups."

Precisely how that all-embracing and vaguely stated mission will be carried out in practice is, at this early date, a matter of conjecture. At the very least, the bureau can be expected to step up its safety-research spending (from the current annual level of about \$1.75 million) and increase its financial and/or technical aid to such long-established cooperative groups as the National Committee on Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances, which has drafted model codes for the states and cities. The bureau also wants a hi-fi simulator with which to get new data for devising safer roads and better signs.

But Hodges' charge to coordinate the application of "all research findings" seems to imply something larger and more dramatic. There is now, on paper, an Interdepart-

Intoxicated driver walking the law's white line deeply concerns safety authorities, who seek new ways of keeping him off the roads

mental Highway Safety Board, created by Dwight D. Eisenhower in December 1960. Its roster includes the Secretaries of Commerce (board chairman), Defense and HEW, the Postmaster General, the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the General Services Administrator. The board has never met. It was, and presumably is still, meant to thrash out an integrated safety policy for the executive branch. When and how will the board act? How does the new Office of Highway Safety fit in? How much territory will it carve out? We shall have to wait and see what happens.

Commerce's other safety activities are less mysterious. Through the Bureau of Public Roads, for example, it administers Congress' Interstate Highway Act and sets safety standards for the 41,000-mile interstate network. Here the bureau works closely with the American Association of State Highway Officials, which considers its road-design manual to be the bible of road builders everywhere, including the Soviet Union, and which takes major credit for the structural designs and the extremely advanced sign system.

The bureau, pointing to such Interstate features as controlled access, the absence of pedestrians, wide center strips on the highways to guard against head-on collisions, huge and uniform signs with guidance in two-foot-high letters and, most important of all, permanence, declares that when the system is completed in 1972, it will save about 5,000 lives annually that would have been lost had Interstate not been launched. That claim is, of course, arguable, but Interstate clearly represents an advance in traffic safety. With more than 11,000 miles now in use, the system is about 30% complete.

Along with overseeing such actualities as Interstate, the bureau is poking into futuristic techniques. None is more intriguing than electronic highway controls. The ultimate goal of present research is a highway on which a heavy flow of traffic could be guided swiftly and safely by electronic devices; driving controls would be assumed by the system, and the driver, in theory, could sit back and play a hand of gin.

Fantastic as that sounds, serious research on electronic highways is progressing toward the point of practical experiment. Basic in the electronics engineer's planning is the perhaps surprising fact that a conventional highway's optimum use, i.e., the point when the most traffic is moving at the highest speed it can, occurs at about 45 mph. This is due to the driver's instinctive placement of his car in the traffic flow. The lower the speed the closer he approaches the car ahead, and vice versa. On hypercrowded roads, speeds higher than 45 mph do not increase but actually decrease optimum use because the spaces between cars become progressively longer. A driver fuming during the rush hour over what seems to be an unrealistically low 40-to-45-mph speed on a well-designed modern expressway can at least console himself with the knowledge

continued



New highways like controlled-access Interstate system are opened to traffic as soon as concrete is dry. Though costly, they save lives.

IMPERILED ROAD continued

that the road is being used for maximum public benefit.

As people and cars multiply, so will the already acute problems of traffic congestion. Thus the electronics engineer's dream of optimum use works out to something like this: a bumper-to-bumper stream of cars moving in complete safety at 80 or 90 mph.

Such roads are not unattainable, but they are very far in the future. A spokesman for the Bureau of Public Roads says there may be none in public use within even a young man's lifetime. Braving costs within reasonable bounds will be a major job. So will the devising of safeguards against some ghastly breakdown of the system: "fail-safe" devices of some sort will be imperative, and research has not progressed to the point of grappling with that problem.

Research has, however, produced dramatic pilot highways. RCA, for instance, has developed three experimental strips over which driverless cars are guided entirely by electronic signals. And right now it is electronically possible, if impractical, for a man sitting at home or office to "drive" his car to the grocery, have a bag of provisions put in it and "drive" it back, accomplishing all this with pushbutton controls while watching the car's progress on a small television screen.

In a quite different safety area the bureau houses something both new and immediate. This is the National Driver Register Service, established by Congress in 1960 and activated last year as a system to stop problem drivers who lose their licenses in one state from getting new, valid

ones in another. All states prohibit such end runs around the law, but enforcement has been spotty. The register is a central list of drivers whose licenses have been withdrawn for one of two reasons—drunken driving or involvement in a fatal accident. Today, of the 50 states only Delaware, Florida, Georgia and Massachusetts have failed to participate and give to the service information of such suspensions. More than 114,000 names are in, and the participating states have ordered more than 165,000 searches against questionable applications for driving licenses.

Also promoting safety in the executive branch is the President's Committee on Traffic Safety, established eight years ago by President Eisenhower. Low-budgeted (\$190,000 yearly) but long on prestige, with the continued blessing of President Kennedy and with a VIP civilian chairman (Publisher William R. Hearst Jr.), the committee is seeking wider application of existing safety remedies. But it has no power beyond friendly persuasion. Its doctrine is contained in an Action Program, which is a sort of middle-of-the-road manifesto for safer driving and walking. The committee sponsors seminars for safety-minded state legislators "to review their important role in traffic-accident prevention," labors to enlist community leaders in local official safety programs, does missionary work among club men and women to increase their safety consciousness and, among many other things, gets its work mentioned in the press.

While their techniques vary, safety groups in the executive sector have this in common: they are careful not to intrude in areas traditionally reserved to the states and private business. On Capitol Hill, however, Kenneth Allison Roberts feels under no such restraint. He roundly criticizes not only the states ("The states have been dragging their feet") but also the automakers ("I do not believe Detroit is moving fast enough to build a reasonably safe car"). Roberts is a smallish, sandy-haired, self-styled states' rights Democrat and one of the five Representatives injured when Puerto Rican nationalists shot up the House in 1954. While hospitalized with a bullet-smashed knee, he began to ponder a number of health and safety matters, and over the years he has become the House's big itch on safety in general. It was Roberts, for instance, who triggered 1956 legislation requiring easy-to-open interior door latches on refrigerators as a safeguard against the American youngster's proclivity for climbing inside and suffocating.

It was in 1956 that the House formed a Subcommittee on Traffic Safety, and Roberts became its chairman. The group's far-ranging hearings produced a fat, 927-page volume of testimony from government authorities, automakers, private safety and medical groups, students and crash-injury investigators that has become a basic source document in the traffic-safety field.

Since then, Roberts has become chairman of the long-established Health and Safety Subcommittee and has introduced 10 bills wholly or partly concerned with traffic safety (including the Accident Prevention Center bill). One

of them has caused a brouhaha, H.R. 1341 would order the Secretary of Commerce to establish safety standards for all passenger cars bought by the Federal Government. Guidelines are not included in the bill; it mentions only "such reasonable safety devices as the Secretary of Commerce shall require."

H.R. 1341 has aroused all the excitement of a bomb with a lit fuse because it is generally assumed that Roberts is looking beyond government cars to the bulk of Detroit's production (as well as the imported cars). Roberts himself confirmed that assumption in a recent speech: "Forced to meet safety standards set by the government," he said, "manufacturers would be encouraged to offer these same features as optional equipment or, perhaps, as standard equipment." He also prophesied "widespread public demands" for equipment given "federal approval."

Roberts is clearly trying to win congressional endorsement of two new and disputed principles: 1) that Washington should assume broad authority in the field of vehicle standard-setting—heretofore left almost entirely to the states; and 2) that, apart from building cars that are safe to drive, the industry should move vigorously in the direction of supplying safety features whose only function is crash protection for the occupants.

The first principle is implicit in the bill, explicit in Roberts' interpretation and has already been applied to the so-called common carriers—trucks and buses which must meet standards set by the Federal Interstate Commerce Commission. The second, while never made truly explicit, may be inferred from remarks by Roberts that can scarcely be interpreted otherwise. In a 1959 report to the House

on H.R. 1341, for instance, Roberts quoted nine proposals made by a spokesman for the American Medical Association. They included crash padding of car dashboards and roofs; headrests to prevent neck-snapping, "whiplash" injuries in collisions; roll bars to prevent the roof from collapsing should a car overturn; removal of "dangerous knobs, buttons, sharp edges and other gadgets" from car interiors; and the elimination of sharp, pointed hood and bumper ornaments. "Some or all of the pertinent safety features enumerated above," ran Roberts' comment, "might be adopted by the secretary."

First introduced by Roberts in 1959, the bill was debated and recommittees—which means that it was neither approved nor killed. It was reintroduced last year, and is still awaiting action by the full Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. Partly because of its larger implications it seems unlikely to be enacted. But it focuses national attention on issues that are of surpassing public interest and will continue to preoccupy Congress and the industry.

It should be understood that few, if any, men concerned with traffic safety believe today's cars to be "unsafe." On the contrary, they are generally agreed to be the safest ever built. The entire controversy revolves around the question of whether Washington or Detroit should decide how they should be made safer still.

As noted in Part I, Detroit points with pride to engineering safety progress made so far, promises more and doubts the wisdom of government intervention. Detroit further asserts that a "foolproof and crashproof" car—one that moves and can be sold—cannot be built. What the industry is saying, at bottom, is that it does not want to be told to subordinate, on short notice, all the other factors that have traditionally gone into the building and selling of motor cars to the one factor of crash protection, especially since crash protection is a relatively new field and there has been nothing that could be termed a crash-protection mandate from government or the public.

Moreover, there seems to be at work here a conviction on the part of the industry that devices intended for safety's sake alone carry the inescapable suggestion that driving can be dangerous. A somewhat similar situation exists among the airlines—by gentlemen's agreement, no line advertises itself as "safer" than any other. Nobody, in the air or on the ground, wants a danger label on his products. Thus Detroit continues to make certain protective-only features optional (the most obvious example is seat belts) and continues to advocate "intelligent use." That drivers should be improved is disputed by no one.

H.R. 1341 has been assailed by some Congressmen. In floor debate George Meader of Michigan said he opposed freezing safety progress "by any set of standards set up by some government bureaucrat." John B. Bennett of Michigan declared: "This bill will put the Federal government in the business of designing and engineering automobiles. That is the plain, obvious meaning. . . ."

Roberts sharply defended the bill, saying Commerce should set standards neither "visionary" nor "impractical" and established "only after consultation with the . . . industry, engineers, medical experts and others who have expert knowledge. . . ."

Roberts probably touched upon the most crucial—cer-

continued

Relatively new law-enforcement tools such as roadside radar put brakes on drivers who flout safety rules by ignoring speed limits.



tainly the most provocative—line of defense when he put on the record a statement previously made to his subcommittee by T. P. Wright, former Civil Aeronautics administrator and vice-president for research at Cornell University. "I do not believe," went Dr. Wright's testimony, "that we can effect any appreciable and permanent reduction in the magnitude of the crash injury problem, within the foreseeable future, except by increasing the capacity of the vehicle package to protect the occupants . . . from damage in transit. Only the vehicle, in the complex of human, mechanical, highway, and environmental factors which compose our transportation system, lends itself readily to a high degree of standardization, in areas affecting human safety, within a relatively short period of time."

Thus, the pros and cons on H.R.1341. Should Congress never act, however, the industry's dilemma will not suddenly disappear. The state legislatures, too, are becoming more safety-conscious. As related in Part I, it was New York State Senator Edward J. Speno who led a legislative-citizen group to Detroit last year and won the automaker's agreement to install seat-belt attachment points on the 1962 models (thereby making it easier and less expensive for buyers to have belts fitted).

Speno, chairman of New York's Joint Legislative Committee on Motor Vehicles and Traffic safety, has put on the calendar legislation to require seat belts in the state's taxis and on small school buses, *i.e.*, those carrying 12 pupils or fewer. He is also campaigning for an Automotive-Medical Research Agency, which would look into the causes of accidents (a neglected field so far) and seek methods of reducing injuries. The agency would test automobile safety equipment, such as brakes, lights, door locks, headrests, seat belts and safety harnesses, with a view to improving old devices and developing new ones.

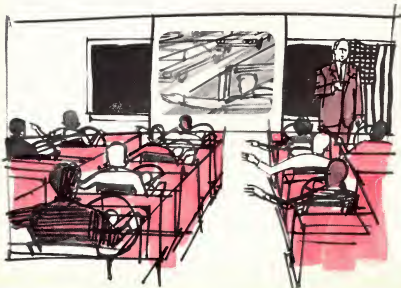
New York, of course, is one of the most aggressive states

regarding traffic safety, and Speno is an unusually aggressive individual. The trend elsewhere is toward a quiet, piece-by-piece patching-up of loopholes in licensing, inspection and enforcement systems—work progressing on so many fronts at such unequal rates that no superstate agency can claim to know exactly what is what at any recent hour.

In the cities the struggle against traffic congestion and accidents grimly continues, but it takes a notably hopeful man to believe that conventional remedies—one-way streets, off-street parking, etc.—will catch up with the increasing automotive squeeze. Probably the most hopeful traffic engineer is Baltimore's Henry Barnes, who has just taken on what he calls the biggest challenge of all—New York City.

In nine years Barnes's traffic program in Baltimore improved the traffic flow "by about 300%." He carved out an arterial street system, put in truck routes, set up a traffic-control center with weather instruments and three radio stations to direct emergency equipment, painted traffic lanes on every street in sight ("there's a lot of traffic control in a can of paint") and worked out, bit by bit, the "most sophisticated and largest electronic traffic-signal system in the world." Based on information fed it by radar instruments overhanging traffic lanes, the system can automatically order any of 200 combinations of traffic movement. For instance, it can determine how much traffic is arriving at an intersection and give the heavier flow a longer signal cycle. A hurry-up, take-charge pepper pot, Barnes says, "I'll use garbage cans filled with concrete with a pole sticking out of them to channelize traffic if I have to wait for channel markers."

High school pupils use rudimentary trainers to learn good driving practice and safety habits by emulating drivers in classroom movie.



A good many urban non-professionals are in a hurry, too. Never have so many safety groups been so busy evangelizing citizens to take part in the safety fight. In Ohio the Greater Cleveland Safety Council has begun a community-wide "blueprint for life" campaign, which seeks to enlist a large number of private citizens "and give each of them something specific to do." (Specifics are notoriously absent from such mass-circulated slogans as "Speed Kills" and "Drive Safely—the Life You Save May Be Your Own"; such safety-by-incantation is now widely discredited.)

High school driver education has progressed remarkably in the past decade and promises a strong future growth. In the 1960-61 school year no fewer than 71% of the nation's 20,000 senior high schools offered driver courses, and enrolled 56% of the potential students. Nineteen state governments now aid school driver education financially. The teachers have, at least on paper, won the professional status of their colleagues in the older disciplines. That section of the public which carps at driver education as a frill subject has steadily dwindled, for it has been shown that driver-course graduates have 50% fewer accidents resulting in deaths and injuries than their untrained contemporaries.

Safety-research spending is bound to go up. Some new funds undoubtedly will go to new studies in driver behavior. Students of behavior, on the whole, are today a pretty glum lot; the more they learn about the driver, the more they despair of changing his bad habits (e.g., haste) or countering the negative forces at work on him (e.g., worry). Columbia's James Malfetti, however, believes his group is on the track of an easily administered, unfakable quiz that will at least tend to determine the worst risks among applicants for drivers' licenses. In studies of adolescents, who account for a disproportionate number of accidents and fatalities, Malfetti and his colleagues have discovered that traffic-law violators tend to be children of parents who take little interest in politics and other public affairs, and are emotionally less stable than nonviolators. A broader study delves into traits found throughout the age span. It is from this that the quiz, which is at least three years away, would be drawn. Theoretically, those found to be potential driver risks would then attend some kind of improvement school before being permitted on the road.

Malfetti does not believe that such a quiz should ever be used actually to deny an applicant a license. He shares with



Mechanic's inspection of lights, brakes, wheel alignment and worn parts is an old and vital safety aid, but one too often forgotten.

most safety people a reluctance to limit his countrymen's prized driving privileges except on dead-certain grounds.

This restraint is less apparent when alcohol comes into the equation. Research men haggle endlessly over the meaning and validity of alcohol studies but, confusing as their debates may be to the layman, the sense of their general conclusions is that intoxicated drivers figure in a larger number of accidents than supposed. One professional, Dr. Horace E. Campbell, chairman of the Automotive Safety Committee of the Colorado State Medical Society, categorically declares that 60% of the nation's fatal accidents involve drinking drivers. Dr. Campbell urges a crack-down, and believes the present legal minimum blood alcohol level of .15%, which must have been reached by the defendant and proved by test before there is prima

facie presumption of intoxication, is implausibly high. He says a 200-pound man could attain that level only with a rather determined effort—he would have to take eight "standard" drinks on an empty stomach in somewhat less than an hour. He contends the legal minimum should be brought down to at least .05%.

Dr. Campbell and others emphasize that driving after drinking is not deviant behavior in American society. Indeed, the hostess who does not keep the liquor flowing at a cocktail party is thought to be a pinchpenny, and the abstinent guest who must drive home is easily kidded out of his antisocial hair. The driver who has had an accident after drinking is seldom ostracized.

The safety man's main goal is not to punish drinking drivers after they have had accidents, but to keep them off the road in the first place. Ingenious alternatives to tough enforcement have been advanced, including variations of the old English idea of mailing oneself home—before 1900 an inebriated Londoner could deposit himself at the nearest post office and be carted to his domicile. In Sweden, a nation strongly conscious of its drinking problem, a man unwilling to drive after drinking can ask to be driven home by the police, and no shame is attached.

And so the fight for traffic safety goes—more vigorous than ever before but still beset by massive public apathy, headless, conflict-ridden and uncertain in a broad national sense as to priorities. But at least the safety tide is irreversible. The question now is whether it is flowing fast enough and strong enough.

END

NEWS IN THE OLD ART OF CONCEALMENT

NOW THAT BIKINIS HAVE GONE AS FAR AS THEY CAN GO, AND PANTS ARE STRETCHED TO THE SPLITTING POINT, THE DESIGNERS OF BEACH CLOTHES HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO REVERSE THEIR FIELD. SO THIS WINTER THERE IS A RENAISSANCE OF CLASSIC FEMININITY. SWIMSUITS ARE COYLY SHIELDED BY BEACH DRESSES, OR ROBES SHROUding THE BODY FROM HEAD TO TOE. DRESSES REAPPEAR WHERE PANTS REIGNED UNOPPOSED—AND EVEN HOSTESSES ARE WEARING SKIRTS. THE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES THAT LAUNCHED THE BIKINI AND DECREED SLACKS FOR WOMEN THE WORLD OVER NOW SEND US THE CLOTHES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES FOR THE CURRENT RESORT SEASON AND COMING SUMMER IN AMERICA. MADE IN EUROPE, ALL ARE AVAILABLE AT U.S. STORES

LIKE A LADY OF THE LAKE AT THE
— VON ECKERMANN ESTATE NEAR
RIPSA, SWEDEN, EVA BURNETT
IS WRAPPED IN AN AFTER-SWIM
ROBE STYLED BY ALICE TOPP-
LEE OF NEW YORK, HANDWOVEN
IN RIPSA. COUNTESS VON ECK-
ERMANN DESIGNED THE FABRIC,
TAKING HER COLORS FROM THE
FLOWERING FIELDS OF SWEDEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON PARKS





IN THE SUNSET GLOW OF SAINT-TROPEZ, ANNA MARIA POETA WEARS A SILK SHEATH EMBROIDERED WITH A GARLAND OF SILK FLOWERS. THE DRESS IS FROM THE COLLECTION OF LYDIA DE CRESCENZO OF ROME, WHO SPECIALIZES IN SOPHISTICATED SPORTSWEAR MADE FROM NATIVE FABRICS AND NEEDLEWORK.

ON THE COOL GREEN COAST OF SWEDEN, MISS BURNETT WALKS THE ROCKY BEACH IN A VON ECKERMANN HANDWOVEN WOOL SKIRT AND CLASSIC MAILLOT BY JER-SEA OF SWEDEN. VON ECKERMANN CLOTHES, IN TRADITIONAL SWEDISH PATTERNS, ARE EVEN MORE POPULAR IN THIS COUNTRY THAN AT HOME.







ON THE CARLTON BEACH IN CANNES, FRANCESCA ROMANA SIMONINI HIDES HER BIKINI UNDER A DEMURE COTTON BEACH DRESS AND BONNET, FROM EMILIO PUCCI OF FLORENCE, PUCCI, WHO HAS SOLD THOUSANDS OF BIKINIS IN HIS SHOPS IN ITALY AND CAPRI, IS NOW DEDICATED TO COVERING THEM ALL UP.

WHERE TO BUY

All the clothes on these pages are available at Lord & Taylor, New York. The Von Eckermann after-sun robe (\$110) is also at Bullock's Wishare, Los Angeles. The Lydia of Rome embroidered silk dress (about \$150) is at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, and the Von Eckermann beach skirt (\$60) is also at Bullock's Wishare. The Pucci dress (\$45) and hat (\$35) on the opposite page are available only at Lord & Taylor.



A TENSE ED JUCKER, WHOSE TEAM CANNOT AFFORD ANOTHER LOSS, SHOWS THE STRAIN OF DEPENDING THE NATIONAL TITLE

Everybody points for the champ

Cincinnati's abrasive defense won two big games last week, but the Bearcats must still make the NCAA tournament

Edwin Louis Jucker, coach of the University of Cincinnati Bearcats, is not by nature a gloomy man. He has the national basketball championship trophy, which pleases him; an able 6-foot-9 center nicknamed Marmaduke, which comforts him; and an automobile seat belt given him by fans who wish he wouldn't jump off the bench so much, which amuses him. He is often tough, calculating, determined, shrewd, nervy and right—but not often gloomy.

Thus it was a measure of a most un-

usual situation last week that shortly after his team had perpetrated a massacre in Cincinnati and survived mayhem in Pittsburgh to defeat two of the country's best independent teams, Dayton and Duquesne, Ed Jucker could be found in Suite 400 of Pittsburgh's Webster Hall Hotel holding a very cold beer, staring very hard at a television set and looking very gloomy indeed. "Bradley 77, Drake 65," announced the TV sportscaster. "That," said Ed Jucker, "doesn't help a bit." The reason it didn't

help was that Cincinnati must first win the Missouri Valley Conference race before getting a chance to defend its national title in the NCAA tournament. Bradley, at this point, was unbeaten in conference play, while Cincinnati had lost twice earlier in the season.

The Cincinnati team that was in these straitened circumstances is very likely the second-best in the country, behind Ohio State. Its losses came in an overtime to Bradley, where a formidable home cheering section is always a factor (Cincinnati has never won a conference game there), and in a single-point defeat by Wichita. It has won its 13 other games with the same pattern of play that

took it to last year's championship: an exquisite defense that one of these days may hold a rival to no points at all, and an undistinguished offense that often stutters so badly in the first half it may someday score no points at all.

Jucker is the man who made Cincinnati a defense-conscious team. When he took over as head coach a season ago he found himself with a run-and-shoot team that had just enjoyed three years of peerless and exciting Oscar Robertson. "Players who totaled 60 points a game were graduating," said Jucker. "I asked myself where I was going to make up all those points, and I decided that maybe if we gave up only 40 points a game we wouldn't need to score much. I also thought, frankly, by holding the score down the games would seem closer and the fans wouldn't be as tough on us."

It took considerable gall to turn Cincinnati into a defensive team, for this was the tactical equivalent of making a team of bunters out of the Yankees. "I knew I was asking for it from the players and the fans," says Jucker. "If it didn't work I was dead." He tacked up inspirational signs in the locker room ("There is no I in TEAM") and devoted more than 80% of every practice to defense—a procedure he still follows. The result was what he calls "a pressure defense," which is not frantic and fast, but abrasive and relentless as a glacier. "We don't try to steal the ball, we just keep the pressure on. In the end, this upsets an opponent's offensive patterns and forces mistakes," says Jucker. After three early-season losses last year, Cincinnati pressured its way to 22 straight wins and the championship.

Cincinnati's ardent followers figured this year's team would be even better. Returning were three starters, center Paul Hogue, tall as a fir and broad as a redwood, who ambles about so casually and likably that his teammates have dubbed him Marmaduke after the large, friendly dog of cartoon fame; guard Tony Yates, a 24-year-old veteran of four years in the Air Force who is always smiling on the court as if finding an adult's pleasure in a college boy's game, and who is about the best defensive guard in the country; forward Tom Thacker, who at a mere 6 feet 2 can jump with Hogue. In addition, two ex-high school All-Americans were now sophomores on the squad—6-foot-5

Ron Bonham and 6-foot-8 George Wilson. But as Cincinnati's surprised fans are learning, and Ed Jucker knew all along, it was going to be harder to hold a championship than to win one.

The obvious problem is that every team and its rooters dream of beating Cincinnati. "Drive carefully going home," the public-address announcer said near the end of one recent Bradley game. "You wouldn't want to miss the Cincinnati game."

Less obvious are some technical difficulties. The Bearcats badly need a guard who can shoot from outside. The sophomores make defensive mistakes. The team is woeful from the foul line, shooting only .617. "I've tried everything," says Jucker of this flaw. "Once I said they couldn't go to dinner until they made 10 straight at practice. It got to be 8 o'clock, and I had to relent." And finally, the team starts slowly. It has been behind at the half five times this season.

Last week as the Bearcats strengthened their national prestige by beating Dayton and Duquesne, the problems of the champs were amply evident. Tuesday night they trailed Dayton 33-26 at half time, losing the ball 13 times on errors. They they roared back with 54 points in the second half, made but a single error and won breezily, 80-61.

Two nights later in Pittsburgh the Bearcats met Duquesne, the fifth-ranked team in the country and one that has a defense even stingier than Cincinnati's.

Twenty thousand Duquesne partisans would have liked to get into the gym which seats a mere 5,333. Tickets had been counterfeited, and extra police had to be summoned to keep the throng from battering down the doors. The Duquesne players were rough and ready, too, using the slashing, slamming tactics for which they are known. "Some of those fouls," said a man at courtside, "would have been fouls in hockey." He was right. In the face of this, the Cincinnati offense had an even worse start than usual. At the end of the first 15 minutes of play Cincy had scored exactly 12 points and was behind 24-12. Bonham was having trouble on defense, the team missed six of its first 10 foul shots and made 12 first-half errors.

But Ed Jucker kept bouncing up and down on the bench, bouncing players in and out of the game searching for a com-



THE LONG ARM of otherwise invisible Paul Hogue scores two points against Duquesne.

bination and, above all, making sure his team kept its head. It did, as it always does. The cool Bearcats finally caught up, with 10 minutes left in the game, and won handily, 62-54. "The roughest game I have ever seen," said Jucker afterward.

That was the evening he sat in front of the television set and learned Bradley had beaten Drake. Then, two nights later, Bradley lost to Wichita, and Ed Jucker felt just a bit better. In this conference, where the home teams win, he would soon be entertaining Bradley at Cincinnati, and Cincinnati hasn't lost at home in five years. A Cincinnati win there could well throw the conference into a three-way tie. Ed Jucker is rightfully worried, but his team is behaving true to form. It is coming from behind, and it is putting on the pressure, pressure, pressure.

END

Unbeaten, untied and precocious

Not within memory has a \$25,000 3-year-old stake at six furlongs generated the excitement that permeated Hialeah for the 27th running of The Hibiscus last Saturday. The main reason a crowd of 20,156 turned up was, of course, to see the 1962 debut of the undefeated Ridan. With his seven-for-seven record, he has been regarded as a wonder horse by those who watched him in Chicago last year. Californians and New Yorkers, however, have been reluctant to take Ridan's Arlington Park form as proof of his potential, and when the colt went to the sidelines late last summer with splint trouble in his right foreleg, some were ready to write him off. They were just as ready, later in the fall, to concede the 1962 classics to colts like Crimson Satan, Sir Gaylord, Donut King and Jaipur.

The Ridan people, however, conceded nothing, and their colt is not a quitter either. Having been out of competition since last September 2, Ridan had every excuse for being off form last week. Instead, he was almost brilliant as he reeled off the three-quarters of a mile in 1:09½ to beat

another undefeated colt, Rainy Lake, by a length and a half. It was the fastest of all Hibiscus runnings.

The race was a thriller. Boston Sailor, on the outside of the 10-horse field, broke first, but almost immediately Rainy Lake went at him. Bill Hartack took Ridan out of the seventh stall, and although his instructions had been to lay back if others wanted to set the pace, he quickly saw that in order to hold his position on the inside he would have to use his horse from the beginning. He did and Ridan seemed to love it, leaping forward with his tremendous stride in a show of great power.

After Boston Sailor had had enough of this (which was very soon), Ridan and Rainy Lake had the race to themselves, and they made it a good one. They ran head and head until, at the eighth pole, Ridan shook off his stubborn opposition and came on down to the wire virtually loafing.

Winning at six furlongs in January certainly is a far cry from knocking over the best colts at nine furlongs and up in March, April, May and June. Ridan may never make it, but so far at least this much is sure: he is the only top-drawer undefeated 3-year-old in the U.S., and to remove him from this distinguished category some colt is going to have to run like the wind.

Ridan is a son of Nantallah, who was one of the fastest sons of Nasrullah, and is out of the imported English mare Rough Shod II, whose pedigree has brilliance going back many generations. He was bought as a yearling by a veteran horseman with the musical-comedy name of Moody Jolley, is registered to race in Mrs. Jolley's colors and is trained by their son LeRoy. Today, third interests in Ridan also belong to two close friends of the Jolleys, Ernest H. Woods, a Birmingham insurance man, and John L. Greer, president of Kerns Bakeries in Knoxville.

As a 2-year-old Ridan was precocious and tough. He tried to run away in the mornings and it often took two hot walkers to cool him out at the barn. With maturity he has lost some of this, but he is still no kitten. He must be regarded with some skepticism because splint trouble does have a habit of recurring, and colts with Ridan's great speed are not always the most likely candidates to win over longer distances. When, in his training at Hialeah, Ridan showed tendencies to bear out around the turns, his critics were quick to say he had never fully recovered from his leg trouble. "That's crazy," says Trainer LeRoy Jolley. "If a horse has splint trouble on the right side he'll show it by bearing in, not out. This colt's only trouble has been that he's so fast that when he goes into a turn he doesn't know how to change over from his right to his left lead."

To rectify this before The Hibiscus the Jolleys talked Hartack into coming out mornings to work the colt and teach him how to take his turns. They experimented with a variety of bits, but on race day last week they settled for a standard D-bit, and with it used a figure 8, a leather strap designed to keep a horse's mouth closed. "A horse with his mouth open is harder to control," says LeRoy Jolley. Ridan responded to all this concern over his welfare by not bearing out one inch and by keeping his mind strictly on the business at hand.

Ridan must face Crimson Satan and Sir Gaylord in The Bahamas on February 7, at seven furlongs, and Hialeah oddsmakers are studying the problem. They do have an early line on the March 3 Flamingo: Ridan and Crimson Satan at 8 to 5, Sir Gaylord at 5 to 1.

END

RIDAN GOES BY RAINY LAKE JUST BEYOND THE EIGHTH POLE





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

...and baby makes three

In the World's Bridge Team Championship, starting at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel in New York on February 10, we have pinned our hopes on a smooth blend of youth and experience. The opposition will consist of Italy, the present titleholder, Great Britain, and Argentina, and the battle will require nine days.

Toronto's Eric Murray, a seasoned internationalist at 33, has 30-year-old Charles Coon of Boston as partner. The Texans, Bobby Nail and Mervin Key of Houston, are 37 and 32, respectively. The baby of the team, at 25, Ron Von Der Porten of Oakland, Calif., who has played bridge for only eight years, is anchored by 46-year-old Lew Mathe of Los Angeles, veteran of three world bridge competitions. Mathe picks the youngster as his favorite partner today and cites this hand from the Team Trials as one reason.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

Diagram illustrating a bridge hand layout. The cards are distributed as follows:

NORTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH

SOUTH (Von Der Porten)	WEST (Albuquerque)	NORTH (Mathe)	EAST (Lerner)
PASS	PASS	1W	PASS
1S	PASS	2S	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of diamonds

At five of the eight tables, North opened the bidding with one diamond. At two tables, North chose to open with one spade. This is at variance with my own practice, in which a four-card major suit must contain at least four high-card points to qualify as biddable. All seven pairs reached four spades, a reasonable final contract inasmuch as the combined values (including two points for distribution) amount to 28 points. However, against an unfortunate trump break, four spades went down to defeat.

Mathe elected to open with an unorthodox bid of one heart. My own choice would have been an old-fashioned one no trump. Yet Mathe's somewhat fancy call had the effect of leading the partnership to a final three-no-trump contract played by Von Der Porten. It required careful play to bring home nine tricks—and the only plus score. After winning the first diamond trick, West shifted to the jack of hearts. Dummy ducked, and East overtook with the queen to lead a second round of the suit. Dummy won and declarer took a finesse to the spade jack, won by West's king. With no more hearts to lead, West shifted to a club, taken by dummy's queen.

When dummy led the diamond queen to force West's ace, declarer could count nine tricks if the spade suit broke. But Von Der Porten did not place all his reliance on a good break. After winning West's return of the diamond 10 with his jack, declarer crossed to dummy's club king and cashed dummy's heart ace, discarding a spade from his hand. West's club discard only postponed the inevitable. Returning to his hand with the spade ace, Von Der Porten led the ace of clubs and West was in a hopeless pinch. Discarding a spade would allow dummy to win the last two tricks with the spade queen and 7. Throwing a diamond would set up the ninth trick in that suit.

This hand—indeed every hand they played—was vital to Mathe and Von Der Porten. They came into the last round needing to shut out their final opponents 10-0 in order to make the team. In a Frank Merriwell finish, they succeeded in doing just that.

EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes a competitor must pay the price for overscientific treatment. For example, opposite an opening bid of one no trump, South would be tempted to use the two-club convention, and a four-spade contract would be the inevitable result. Conclusion: the most successful battalions have luck working on their side.

END

THE SWEET MUSIC OF THE HOUND

Where they hunt the fox more for fun than blood, hunters think a good goin' dog sounds better than a soprano by REX LARDNER

Night fox hunting, the way they do it in Mississippi and other parts of the rural South and Midwest, is as far removed from fashionable riding to hounds, with its tallyho and view halloo, as a country square dance is from the courtly quadrille of which it is a rollicking parody. Night hunters in Carolina still chuckle over the story of one of their number, Bill Austin of Marshville, N.C., and how he got caught up in a fancy hunt during his hitch in the Army. "First thing I know," says Bill, when he tells the tale, "I'm bein' squeezed into some little bitty old white pants and plumped on top of a horse with dogs friskin' all around me. Then a man in a red coat blows a horn—toot! toot!—and all at once this sorrowful critter under me raises his head and bolts down the road after them dogs till we come to a fence five strands high. That old horse soared over that tall fence like he was on

continued





wings, and when we finally hit the ground I was hangin' on so tight, I declare I thought I'd split right in half!

"I tell you, that was the last time I ever done any fancy fox huntin'."

The form of fox hunting practiced by Austin and about 100,000 other night hunters in the South and Midwest is a far less strenuous and far more mystical sport. Not quite a participant sport, since the hunters are generally far removed from both the dogs and the quarry, and not quite a spectator sport, since it generally takes place in the almost total invisibility of nighttime, it is most of all a listening

Drawings by Nicholas Solovioff



Before the trials begin, identifying numbers are pointed on the competing dogs' flanks in bright, fluorescent color—usually orange.

sport, and in it the hunters hear what they call "music."

Night hunters are great listeners. Gathered around a fire on a southern hilltop with rustling woods on all sides and their hounds released in pursuit of the fox, they listen and listen—to the night, to their dogs and to each other. They listen to the faint far-off baying that indicates the hounds are hard at work. They listen for the sharper note as one hound "opens" (i.e., gives tongue) as a signal to the others that he has jumped a fox. They listen as the other hounds hark to the first one, join him in trailing and then, as they close on their quarry, give voice together in excited concert. They listen in rapture to the result—a fearsome blend of dog voices, bawling, chopping, squealing, squawking, baying and howling; tenor voices and bass voices and voices in between, yap-yip-yipping and owk-owk-owking in a contrapuntal rhythm that sometimes reaches its climax only when the fox's own death rattle sounds a finale. The

music of a pack of hounds in full cry, say the fox hunters of the South, is very much like grand opera.

As if to prove it, they even have a story—night hunters always have a story—of one old north Georgia fox man who got fairly carried away at the opera in Atlanta one night when the lead soprano let out with a loud, high-pitched note. The old man suddenly jumped up out of his seat, wildly waving his hat, and shouted for all to hear, "The little bitch done got it—and gone!"

"You'd be surprised," say hunters, "how close a soprano's singin' is to a hound's mouth if she's a good goin' hound with a good voice."

Night hunters, indeed, are quite prepared to argue that "good goin' hounds" with good mouths are easier to understand than any grand opera. A well-bred hound, according to them, can, by the pitch and timbre of its voice, communicate considerable information—the type of game it is pursuing (rabbit, gray fox, red fox or deer), how close it is and if it has managed to tree (or trap) its quarry. Because it is a matter of immense pride to own hounds that have good voices, hunters claim they can distinguish the voices of their own hounds from others in the pack and, having identified a dog, can tell whether it is in the lead or not by the excitement in its voice—a hound sounds more excited when it does not have to sight the fox through the legs of other hounds. The bark can also tell the hunter if his hound is caught on a fence—a major hazard in hunting fox—or if he has caught a fox.

When hounds catch and kill a fox their voices rise to new highs of excitement, but they don't always catch him and they almost never eat him. About 90% of the time the fox eludes the hounds and escapes or scoots into a hole before they can catch him.

Because the fox is more likely to be out foraging at night than in the daytime and because the voices of his pursuers can better be appreciated in darkness, fox hunting, southern style, is mainly a nocturnal pastime. But darkness can serve as well to hide a hunting dog's faults as to enhance his virtues, so every now and then during the year the fox hunters put their hounds to work in daylight to test their mettle before sharp-eyed judges in championship competition. In these trials the judges watch carefully for such faults as "babbling" (giving tongue without having scented the fox), "cunning running" (taking a shortcut to where the hound presumes the fox will go without bothering to follow him) and "backtracking" (running the line of scent in the wrong direction). Dogs that chase rabbits when they should be after fox are likewise committing faults.

The most exacting of all the annual field trials is the U.S. Open, which recently took place for the third straight year in a scrubby, woody, thorn-filled, hilly area near Durant, Miss., a town about 50 miles north of Jackson. With Nicholas Solovioff, the artist, I went to Durant for five days to have a look at it.

continued

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The site was selected because it affords good running ground for the fox and enough winding dirt and gravel roads to permit hunters to follow their dogs. This year, to make sure there were enough foxes to make things lively for the hounds and operative for the houndmen, 21 red foxes were imported from Iowa, at \$7 a head, and loosed in the woods near Durant. Red foxes are more interesting than gray because they travel in large circles and depend on speed to avoid the dogs, while the gray (with some characteristics of the cat, including the ability to climb trees) is less classe in his maneuvering.

There were 128 hounds entered in the competition at

the silver trophies and bright blue ribbons that were displayed on a long table in the corner, some were exchanging notes on past trials.

One hunter, a small, elderly but gingery man—Dr. G. W. Bledsoe of Cullman, Ala.—was bemoaning the fate of a hound of his named Little Joker in an earlier trial. "Many men bragged on the dog because of its melodious voice and havin' such a good nose to run the fox when the other dogs couldn't," he was saying. "A number of men tried to buy the dog because he had proved so good late in the day, when most dogs had lost interest in the fox. Then I was surprised to look on the score sheet that afternoon and find



Eager to be off and full of "go powder" on the first day's hunt, the hounds trot away, alert for the scent of fox in the pasture.

Durant, which was to last four days. They were mostly Walkers with a few Triggs and Julys. These, along with Goodmans, are the most popular breeds. The day before the race began was spent mostly in the official drawing, when the various dogs are given their numbers, and in exploration of the hunting area. In past years it had been thought so advantageous to have a low number that the hunters lined up at 3 in the morning for the draw. This year, since every owner was limited to two dogs in the trial, it was decided in the interest of fairness to give everyone a capsule containing two numbers, one high and one low. That way no one had to hurry to the draw, and everyone got more sleep—a precious commodity in the four-day trial.

When the drawing was over the hunters repaired to a kennel near the Durant Hotel to get the assigned numbers painted on their hounds. The paint generally used was fluorescent orange but, if a dog's coloring warranted, black and white were also used. One hunter painted his hounds' tails blue, the better to catch the eye of the judges.

After the painting was completed some of the hunters drove over to the area where the competition would be held. Others returned to their hotels or motels primarily to talk fox—that endlessly fascinating and, to a layman, often incomprehensible topic. When I got there the lobby of the Durant was filled with hunters. Some were admiring

that Little Joker had been scratched for openin' a little too long on the cast." Some of his listeners nodded; all at one time or another had dogs "scratched" (*i.e.*, eliminated from a trial for bad performance). "Joker's real name was Cypress Creek Joker," said Dr. Bledsoe. "Dam was Ann Pickett. The sire was Joker G." Stories about foxhounds, I learned, almost always end with a quick genealogy.

"I had a hound in a Georgia state trial won after he was dead," said another hunter. "Scored so much on the first day that it didn't matter what happened after, but . . ."

Since we had to be up before dawn in the morning, I didn't wait to hear the genealogy on this dog, but I'm sure it followed sooner or later. It was cold and rainy next morning when I arrived at the casting ground (the open field where the hounds were to be loosed) with Stone Crane, a former president of the U.S. Open. We rode in a car driven by his old friend, L. L. Thompson of Cullman, Ala. The cast, particularly on the first day, is one of the most dramatic moments of a trial. The hunters rise about 2 a.m. to eat breakfast and check the condition of their hounds. They swarm to the casting ground with their dogs at about 6, when the sky is still dark. They come in pickup trucks, dog trucks, jeeps and passenger cars. In the gleam of auto headlights they have their dogs' numbers checked. Then, a sepulchral group of zealots, with their beasts on double leashes, they

continued

advance to the edge of the field to form a long, strung-out line, heads and bodies dimly silhouetted against the sky. There they await the signal to cast.

This morning, as always on the first day, the dogs were eager to be off—"full of go powder," commented one hunter—and barking more than their owners thought they should. One or two broke away and had to be rounded up. "I never seen a cast yet," said a lady hunter, "where some fool dog didn't get himself loose and run wild."

At about 6:25, when a vague gray light began to seep through the clouds, the Master of Hounds, Deward Henson of Brushyknob, Mo., welcomed the hunters to the trial, announced that the day's hunt would be over at precisely 11:30 in the morning and advised synchronizing watches. "I do hope the best dog wins," he said. He took off his hat, lowered it as a signal and the hounds were cast. They did not burst forth but trotted off, full of high spirits and unnecessary yapping.

"They won't be so dang energetic tomorrow," one hunter predicted. Mounted on horseback, some of the trial judges galloped off in the general direction of the hounds as the hunters chartered or strolled to their cars, awaiting the sound of a dog opening. In a few minutes all the dogs were out of sight, hidden by pine and oak trees. Dawn began to break in earnest, pink streaks lighting up sections of the sky. The remaining judges, riding in trucks equipped with radiotelephones, began to move out.

Neither Crane nor Thompson had dogs entered, but both are very knowledgeable about hunts and trials and were determined to get close to a working pack. We piled into the car and started off. After driving a few miles on the twisting dirt roads, stopping occasionally to listen through the open window, Thompson remarked he didn't think many foxes were out.

"No, Mr. Thompson," Crane agreed. "The red fox don't like to get his tail wet. It slows him down, don't you see, and in this kind of weather he'll just as like stay cozy in his den." We passed a trio of hunters who had gotten out of their cars and, unmindful of the rain, were perched on a bank by the road. Mud was on their boots. One of them was wearing a pair of rubber earphones to which two funnels were attached, wide parts facing forward. They looked a little bit like mouse horns. "I call these my helpers," the man said. He listened with them.

"Hear anything?" Thompson asked a man in a heavy coat, a red hunting cap and lumberjack boots. We all listened. From far off came the faint bark of a hound.

"Just over yonder by the blacktop," the man said, turning and pointing. "Don't sound like they doin' a whole lot."

Farther down the road we heard barking that seemed to get louder as we stopped to listen. Crane's face suddenly became animated.

"The first ones have hit, I believe, Mr. Thompson," he said. "That's a strike!"

"I believe we can get into the race a little more," said Thompson, climbing back in.

We moved on once again, stopping to listen every few hundred yards. By the sounds Crane and Thompson could tell approximately where the hounds were headed, but some of the roads were nearly impassable. "Be careful you don't get stuck, Mr. Thompson," Crane warned at one point. "The roads are getting all churned up."

Some dogs came trotting by. Crane took down their numbers; later he would tell the owners that he had seen their dogs and would describe what they were doing. These particular dogs did not seem to be too interested in scenting a fox. If a judge had happened by and caught them loafing, they would have been disqualified.

"Fox are clever," Crane told me after we had once more



Tired and footsore at the end of the day's trial, the hounds take it easy while their masters forsake their intense listening to talk fox.

piled into the car. "They know that carbon monoxide kills their scent so sometimes they pass right close behind autos. They know, too, that dogs don't pay much mind to cars when they're in pursuit, so sometimes they cross the highway just to get a dog killed. Sometimes a fox'll jump on the back of a sheep to make the dogs lose the scent or run along a stone fence or the road. Up North the fox will run out onto thin ice and when the hounds follow—kerplunk! A cold bath. Because the hound is heavier, don't you see."

The rain slackened and a wind came up. Fortunate for the fox, Thompson murmured, since it would waft his scent away. A pickup truck passed from the other direction.

"You hear anything?" asked the driver.

"Not a thing," said Thompson. The truck pulled away, and two judges came by on horseback. "They're in full cry over to Emory Road!" shouted one judge as he passed.

"Some breakneck rides are on hand," Crane predicted.

"Sweetest music in the world," Thompson murmured as he shot the car into gear. We drove past old corn and cotton fields and woods partly covered with an ominous gray-looking growth called kudzu vines. "Look!" Thompson shouted, jamming on the brake. "Fox!"

"I declare," said Crane peering through the windshield, "A big red."

About 200 yards up the road a fox was indolently trotting. "Knows the road don't hold scent," said Crane. "Don't get any closer, Mr. Thompson. We don't want to frighten him. You frighten a fox, he loses his scent. Nature does that for him. Here come some dogs." We got out and Crane dutifully wrote down the numbers. The fox slipped into the woods far ahead. The dogs came on in an irregular pattern, their heads bent close to the ground, their tails wagging. Finally, one of them opened in a kind of doleful way and made off in the direction of the fox. At first the other dogs



seemed dubious. Then, reassured, they trotted after him.

Dr. Bledsoe and two companions drove up in a truck. Crane told them about seeing a big red and they got out. Dr. Bledsoe carried a cane, wore a fedora and a rubber rain suit. Over his shoulder was a stethoscope to which a funnel was attached—his helper, apparently. In answer to an unspoken question, Crane checked to see if he had spotted Dr. Bledsoe's dogs, then the Bledsoe party made off and we followed, leaving them at a fork near an old sawmill. A short while later we stopped at a tiny grocery store in the area for coffee. Several hunters, men and women, were sitting or standing around inside, some huddled by an iron stove. "Heard anything?" Thompson was asked.

"Heard some babblin', I guess," Thompson replied with a smile. Then Crane told them about sighting the big red.

After we'd had a chance to warm ourselves a little, Crane

suggested we head for Dodds Pasture, a section of land near an area called High Ridge. "Nothin' like an old field to hold the scent of a fox," he said.

We drove to the pasture, but there was not much music in its vicinity or in the other places where we stopped. We decided to go back, since it was very close to 11:30. "Soon they'll be collectin' the dogs," said Crane. "It's a courtesy to pick up any dog you see and bring him back to the cassin' ground, where the owner can pick him up. Some dogs are skittish in their ways, and their owners might be all night lookin' for 'em. If they don't make to-morrow's cast, they're likely to be scratched, don't you see."

We took along past the casting ground, seeing several dogs fastened to a long chain. They seemed tired. On one side of the road a hunter was blasting his auto horn to summon his dogs. On the other were two hunters blowing what looked like miniature Viking horns. All three blew at once, the auto horns loudest and furnishing the tenor music. "It's a courtesy not to blow your horn till after 11:30," Crane said. "Otherwise a hound might think he was bein' blowed in and find himself scratched."

Except for one exciting interlude on the second day, each of the three days passed similarly. We would attend the cast in the early morning darkness, move out as dawn broke, stop often for talk with hunters standing by the side of the road or get out of the car in total silence to listen, trying to locate a working pack.

Sometimes we would hear the music from far off, sometimes we would listen in vain. Once, on the second day of the hunt, we suddenly found ourselves in the very center of things. We had trekked into a clump of woods when suddenly straight at us came what seemed like a regiment of dogs. Yipping and squawking, they were all around us. "They've made a bother," Crane said, meaning they had lost the scent. "The fox mojoed 'em here." He pointed to the evidence of a sharp sideward leap the fox had made, causing a change in the line of his scent. The dogs' momentum had carried them past that point. Now they were sniffing the ground in an eager, confused way. Some hunters came by.

"We almost saw the fox," Crane told them. "He manipulated 'em right here." One dog, No. 56, opened. "Fifty-six hit it!" shouted one of the hunters, moving forward and pointing. The pack streaked off after the fox, some barking, some running silent. A hound labeled No. 8 suddenly appeared, paused and took a different route—"running cunning." "That's the cuttin'est dog I ever seen!" Crane exclaimed, wearing a look of disapproval. We slugged off through the woods to return to the car.

The hunt was officially over at 11:30 on the fourth day. At about three o'clock the hunters assembled at the Durant to await the posting of the winner and runners-up.

Some dogs can be tired, explained a worried lady hunter in a biting Kentucky hills accent, and "have their tails up,

continued



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HOUND MUSIC *continued*

but my Honey Bee, she carries her tail low whether she's tahr or not. Some judges are going to say Honey Bee is tahr just because she don't carry her tail up."

But it turned out the judges knew their business better than that. Honey Bee finished first in speed and drive and first in trailing to win several silver cups. The hounds with their tails painted blue did not win anything. The overall winner of the trial, announced with a whoop, was No. 7—Yazoo Baby Rose, owned by A. N. Nichols of Vaughan, Miss.

As Nichols, a stocky man with a sun-burned face, was being pounded on the back and noisily congratulated, Crane remarked that it was unusual for a bitch to win against so many males. "But she's a beautiful, compact female with a great heritage of careful breeding," he said. Then he added the inevitable genealogical note: "Baby Rose is by Yazoo Gray Ghost out of Yazoo Rose Bud."

On every side the owners of lesser dogs than Baby Rose were being congratulated, and cups and ribbons were being passed out to the popping of flashbulbs. The trial was over for one more year, but the day's sport was far from finished. Here and there in the crowded lobby offers to buy and sell were being made and accepted or rejected as the case might be. Plans and hopes for future races were crystallizing as stud fees were arrived at and meetings arranged. And everywhere the talk of foxes and fox hunting ran on and on. As we left the hotel we heard a tall, slender hunter telling of one fox who had fooled a whole pack of dogs by crawling back and forth through a wire fence. "And all the time those dogs was tryin' to follow, squeeze in and squeeze out of that fence," he was saying. "Big Red was set in up there on that hill watchin' 'em. I swear," he concluded, "that fox was laughin' at them dogs."

END

FOR
THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information
of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA: WESTERN ALL-STARs

led by Rich Peirin, who was chosen the game's most valuable player, defeated the East 150-130 at St. Louis. After the All-Star break, Boston topped Syracuse's seven-game winning streak, and both their eastern lead to 3½ games over Philadelphia. The Warriors continued to get almost half their points from Chamberlain, who scored more than 30 points in the 20th round of the Royal Rumble. Los Angeles' Jerry West and Bill Russell picked up the scoring slack, and the Nats moved well ahead of the New York Knicks.

SKINNY—ANSTEN SAMUELSTUEN, Boulder, Colo. electronics technician, won the National Sky Jumping Championship for the third time, at Fox River Grove, Ill. With jumps of 794 and 783 feet, Samuelstuen completed a point total of 226 1/2, 14

Byron Jones' second-place finish over Zsolt Kovacs of Hungary at Székesfehérvár won over a field that included half of the U.S. squad that will compete in the 1992 Noodle World Championships, February 18-21, at Zakopane, Poland. Jones is not a member of the squad, nor is the third-place runner, Gert Kottler.

CHUCK FERRIES, 25-year-old Aspen, Colo. skier, won the men's slalom, and finished second in the giant slalom. He is a member of the 1992 U.S. National Team. He has also raced at Kitzbühel, Austria—and first tied by an American. Ferreri, in two heat races the lucky Garmisch slope, had a converted time of 2:26.9. France's Guy Périllat was second. Gerhard Nussner won the overall title with a slalom in both the downhill runs and the slalom. Ferreri, who was second in the downhill, will start racing for the national team.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DICK DAVIDSON, 10, of San Bernardino, Calif., racing in competition since he was 8, used his 4-feet-7 and 72 pounds to pilot a 15-horsepower motorboat to a new mark of 48.004 miles per hour. Said his champion boatman father: "This record is recognized in Russia."

ENMA LEE VICKERS, 5-foot-10 forward for Calkin Academy High School, Vicksburg, Miss., led her undefeated girls' basketball team to its 71st victory in 74 games in three years with an 83-point performance in the only game in which she played four quarters.

RICHARD DYER, a 225-pound sales executive from Berwyn, Pa., and a member of two U.S. Olympic Fencing teams, won the George Piller Memorial international saber tournament at the New York Athletic Club, defeated Ed Richards, a 145-pounder, in a four-

RAOUL (ROD) DE-DEAUX, baseball coach at USC, and a former shortstop for Casey Stengel in Brooklyn, was named collegiate coach of the year after the Trojans won their third NCAA title last year in Omaha and fifth straight conference championship.

MARTIN HYMAN, an English schoolmaster, was first in the São Paulo, Brazil so-called "round-the-houses" race with a time of 21 minutes, 24.7 seconds for the four and a half miles, beat Olympic Marathon Winner Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia by under 50 seconds.

MIKE MITCHELL, 16, high school student of San Pablo, Calif., who began bowling when he was 13 years old, won the Top Game Junior Endurance Classic in San Francisco with a 206.7 average and a single-game high of 257 in the scratch tournament event at Castle Lane.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was examination time for many of the nation's major-college teams, but some still found time for limited competition. Unbeaten Ohio State continued to win handily in the Big Ten; Kentucky had Coach Adolph Rupp preening expectantly for his first SEC title in four years and independent Oregon State streaked impressively among its neighbors in the Pacific Northwest.

THE MIDWEST

Minnesota was ready for Ohio State. The fans, 19,500 strong, came armed with confetti, streamers and other adornments to make it a wild celebration. But someone forgot to tell Jerry Lucas and his friends. Big Luke and John Havlicek boxed out the Gophers' big men under the boards and scored 56 points, the Minnesota fast break was slowed down to a trot and the Buckeyes serenely went about the business of winning their 13th straight, 90-76.

Thanks to Wichita, the Missouri Valley had a race again. Upset at Tulsa 85-77, the Shockers hit Bradley with a stinging fast break in the first half to grab a 51-39 lead. The Braves fought back with a full-court press and Chet Walker's 40 points, but it wasn't good enough. Six-foot-10 Gene Wiley gave Wichita the boards, Larry Van Eiman pitched in 25 points and the Shockers squeezed out an 89-88 win. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (12-0)
2. CINCINNATI (10-2)
3. BRADLEY (10-3)

THE SOUTH

Kentucky was still treating its SEC rivals like a bunch of presumptuous upstarts. Cotton Nash, Larry Pursell and Carroll Burdett hit Tennessee with an 81-point full-court, and the Vols bowed 95-82. But highly rated Mississippi State had its troubles. While Coach Babe McCarthy fretted, his Bulldogs almost lost to last-place Georgia Tech. Behind 56-55 with a minute to go, McCarthy sent in sophomore Aubrey Nichols, obviously with instructions to foul, and the strategy worked. Tech's Frank Landry twice missed the one-and-one, and stringy W. D. Stroud pushed in a lay-up in the last second to win for State 57-56. Alabama and Mississippi were easier for the Bulldogs. They stilled awhile with the slowed-down Alabama but won 67-40 and finished the week by overtaking Ole Miss 61-57. Meanwhile, Georgia Tech finally pulled off an up-

set. The Jackets made six straight foul shots in the last three minutes, added a field goal by Josh Powell and Tech beat Vanderbilt 71-66.

While Duke and Wake Forest marked time until their January 27 meeting, North Carolina moved to the top of the ACC standings. The Tar Heels confused South Carolina with their "Oklahoma shuffle" and beat them 83-71, then shot 60.5% while harassing old-rival North Carolina State with a man-to-man press. They whipped the Wolfpack 66-56. But State's Ev Case was still hopeful after his team defeated injury-stricken Maryland 68-61. Playmaker Ken Rohnoff becomes eligible to direct the erratic Wolfpack attack this Saturday.

It was a case of too much Thorn for both Richmond and Pitt. The West Virginia star pried up 42 points as the Mountaineers outran the Spiders, 82-73, and the Panthers, 88-78. The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (15-1)
2. DUKE (10-2)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (10-1)

THE WEST

Skyline coaches were still searching for a way to stop Utah's Billy McGill. Montana's foxy Freedy Cox surrounded him with burly Steve Lowry and Ray Lucien, and it worked until Lowry fouled out. Then Billy quickly swished in 16 points to finish with 26 as the Utes won 68-66. BYU tried it with a zone. While New York Knick Coach Ed Donovan watched enviously, McGill hooked over the frantic Cougars for 41 points and Utah won 94-89. Donovan's appraisal: "The best shooter in college basketball."

Oregon State matched winning streaks with Idaho at Moscow, where the Vandals had won 13 in a row. The Beavers won twice, 74-59 and 71-68, for their 11th and 12th straight. In the only Big Five game, Stanford beat Washington 64-59. The top three:

1. USC (12-3)
2. UTAH (10-2)
3. OREGON STATE (10-1)

THE EAST

This area was full of pleasant surprises. Duquesne (until it pushed its luck too far against talent-rich Cincinnati) and Villanova were behaving beyond all expectations. Seton Hall, its announced post-scandal de-emphasis hardly showing, had the section's brightest sophomore in Nick Werkman, a superb 6-



NEW STARS: Kansas State's Gary Marmot (left) got 12 straight points in final minutes as Wildcats beat Missouri 69-66. Seton Hall's sick-shooting Nick Werkman scored 19 points in 86-80 win over Coughlin, 23 more against Fairfield, flashed the week with 38.4 average.

foot-3 shooter who ranked No. 2 among the country's scorers. Even Yale, in strange territory atop the Ivy League (along with Cornell), was raising hopes in the hearts of old Blues.

Duquesne was doing it with muscle and Willie Somerset, an agile little 5-feet-10 sophomore with a remarkable jump shot. While quick-tempered Mike Rice and big Clyde Arnold manned the boards, Somerset flipped in 26 points and the Dukes trounced Toledo 80-57. For a while, the aggressive Duquesne defense even had Cincinnati on the run, but eventually the Bearcats won 62-54 (see page 44).

Villanova's Hubie White slipped away from Penn's switching man-to-man for 38 points, picked off 16 rebounds, and the Ivy Leaguers meekly succumbed, 81-54. St. John's, warming up for its annual midwestern trip, drubbed St. Francis (N.Y.) 92-54. Temple stumbled badly against Navy and lost 61-51. The top three:

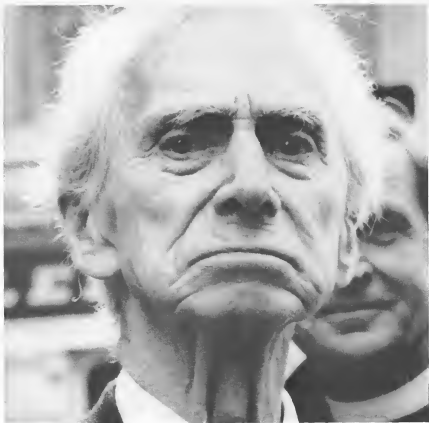
1. VILLANOVA (14-2)
2. DUQUESNE (14-2)
3. ST. JOHN'S (10-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

Despite a slim schedule, the SWC was in its usual turbulent state. Texas and Texas A&M hooked up in a first-winger at Austin before the Longhorns, moving judiciously in and out of a zone and a full-court press and occasionally breaking fast, won 64-57 to knock the Aggies out of a first-place tie.

Border leader Arizona State concentrated on its neighbors last week, beating Arizona State College 109-88 and Arizona 73-57, while Houston squelched Lamar Tech 86-64 for its 13th win. The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (8-3)
2. TEXAS (4-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (12-3)



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE SAN FRANCISCO MOOD

Sirs:

Regarding your article *The San Francisco Myth* (Jan. 15), I would be more than happy to personally escort Mr. Joe David Brown halfway across the Golden Gate Bridge and give him that well-deserved shove in the right direction. That is—with his back to the city—and tell him to take his type-writer with him.

CAROL A. TORNEY

Southport, Conn.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Joe David Brown on one of the finest articles I have ever read in your magazine—or in any other magazine for that matter. His story *The San Francisco Myth* is unbelievably perceptive and true, for it states all the opinions that I myself feel about San Francisco but have never had the guts to express openly.

As a student of the University of California at Berkeley, I have had to live for the past three and one-half years on the fringe of this idiotic and second-rate city. And believe me, I can hardly wait to graduate so that I can return to the sunny, casual, easy-going life that Los Angeles offers.

STU GORDON

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I can't help but wonder if Mr. Brown were to analyze what makes a woman beautiful would be start in limb by limb, inch by inch...toenails, fingernails, the inner ear, knee joints, side face, full face, neck, chin line and so on. And if he did so, I wonder if the most beautiful woman would end up with any beauty at all. Rather, isn't it the composite picture that is the true one, the character, the personality, the humor and the funny little quirks plus the general physical features that give us the sum total?

San Francisco isn't so much a place as a mood. Sometimes icy, sometimes warmer, always friendly. Where a longshoreman shares a beer with an Ivy League, where a sign in a beauty parlor reads: "If our operators don't curl your hair, our prices will!" Where a creepy classified ad reads: "Why die in the basement? E-Z Blastproof Pyramidal Crypt for your backyard costs little more than Perpetual Care at leading Memorial Parks", where a visitor asks a cab driver which way to Trader Vic's, and the cab driver answers, "Well, it'd be easier to lead you than to tell you. Follow me," and guides him the 10 blocks it takes to get there and then disappears into the night with a wave

of his arm and a friendly beep of his horn.

Thus, Mr. Brown, is San Francisco. Come back again and sit with us on our deck, with glass in hand and, as afternoon turns to evening, we'll watch the hills of Oakland begin to blaze as 10,000 windows catch the light of the setting sun. Then almost imperceptibly the lights of the city will begin to glitter in the still, clear air. Like any other city, Mr. Brown?

JANET TENNEY

Sausalito, Calif.

Sirs:

Brown's lengthy account of the big bad city, low in athletic achievement and high in cirrhosis of the liver, will be a blessing in disguise if it only helps to accomplish one thing: the prevention of tourists (like Joe David Brown) pouring in by the thousands.

JOHN NICOLINI

San Francisco

Sirs:

Joe David Brown's article did an excellent job of hitting the San Francisco nail right on its pointed little head. These people are so status conscious that I know one woman who refuses to leave a building through a door marked "Out" instead of "Exit."

PAUL GUYER

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

I must confess I enjoy plodding around in my "minor league" city.

JEAN VEIT

San Francisco

Sirs:

Why stop with San Francisco? Why not expose the whole state of California?

DAVID W. BARN JR.

Circle Pines, Minn.

Sirs:

You show a picture of Candlestick Park and say that its "sad history is emphasized by empty seats." You don't mention that neither of the two teams in the picture represent San Francisco. The picture was shot at an Oakland Raider game.

CLYDE KRUMHOLTZ

San Francisco

Sirs:

You're too chicken to show a picture of a 49er game at Kezar Stadium because Kezar is always filled for the 49er games.

ALAN GRIBBLE

San Francisco

Sirs:

If ever something needed saying, it was this: Frisco has been getting away with this cable-car clattrap and Barbary Coast blather far too long. The city is without question the world's largest man-made tourist trap and should long ago have been set aside by the National Park Service as a happy hunting ground for roostering conventioners and vacationers. If you need any help opening the mail you'll be getting from San Francisco, just yell.

JOHN R. HUDSON

Los Angeles

• Yeeow-ow!—ED.

Sirs:

Golly, it must have been hard on Joe Brown to discover that San Francisco is not the American utopia. But there may be even rougher days ahead for him. Perhaps some day he'll discover that every Texan doesn't own an oil well and a Cadillac, that the sun doesn't shine every day in Florida and that everyone in Hollywood, California isn't a movie star.

BRUCE FERRIT

Baltimore

Sirs:

J.D.B. deserves to live in L.A.

G. R. WALTERS

San Francisco

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tell of kings, of countries,
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